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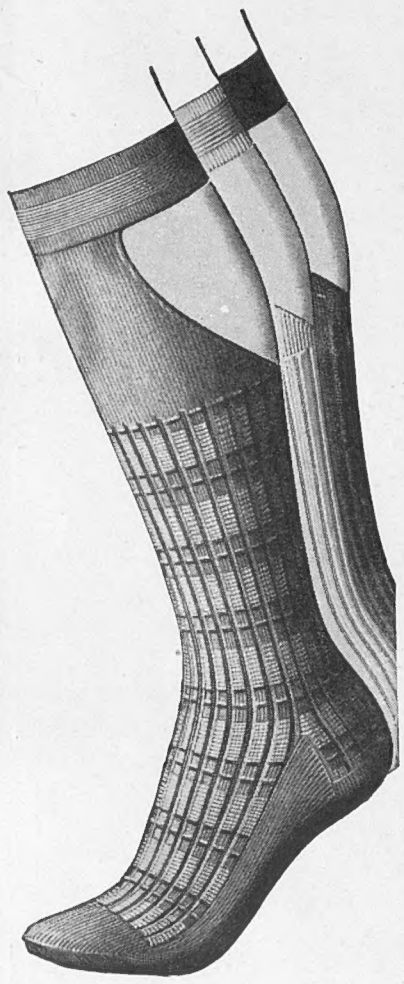

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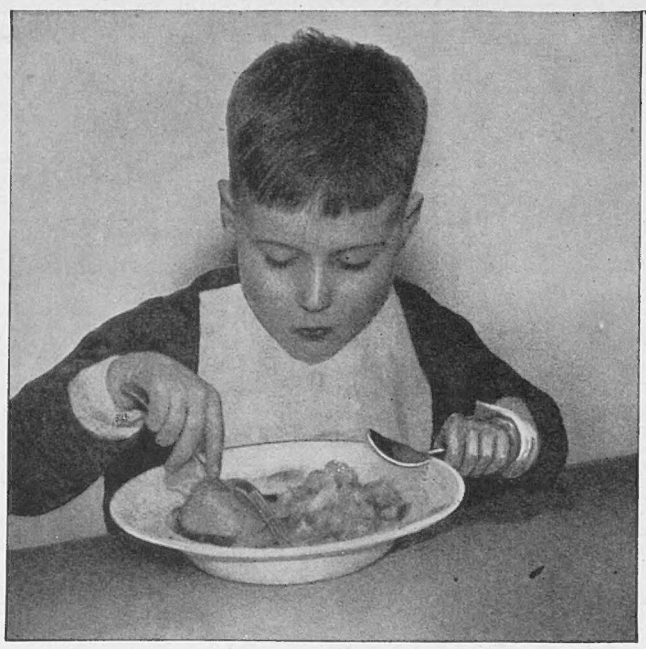

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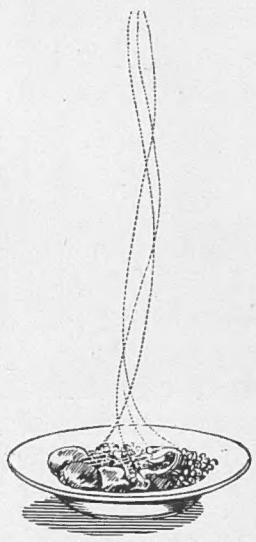

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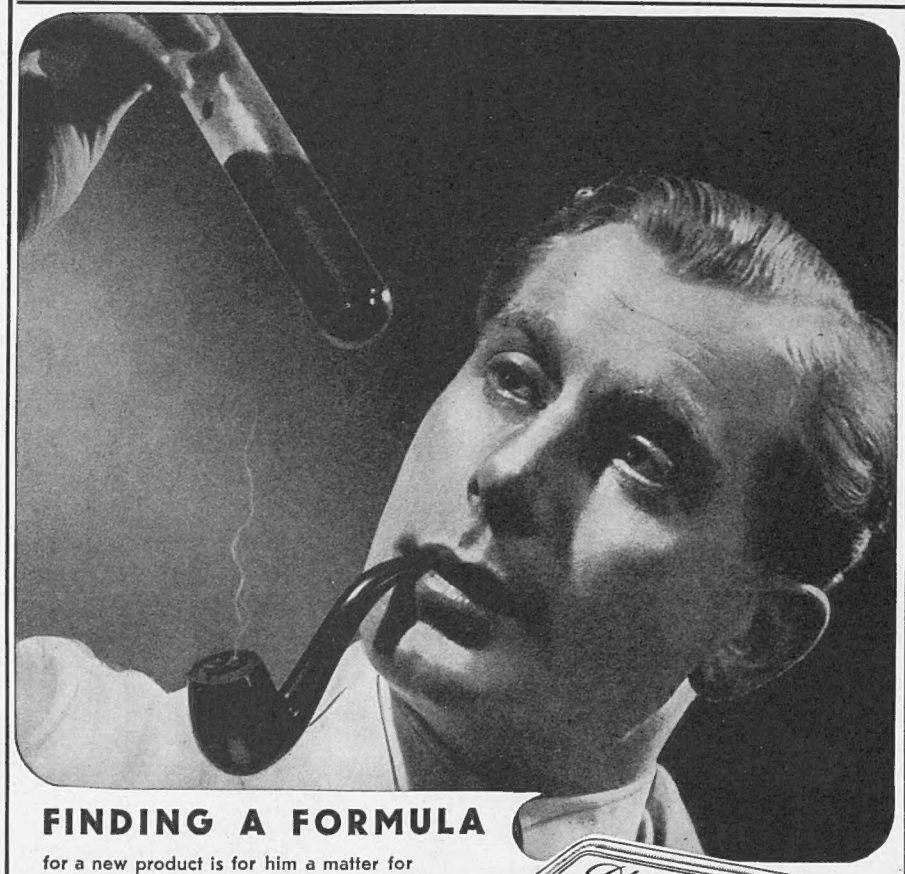

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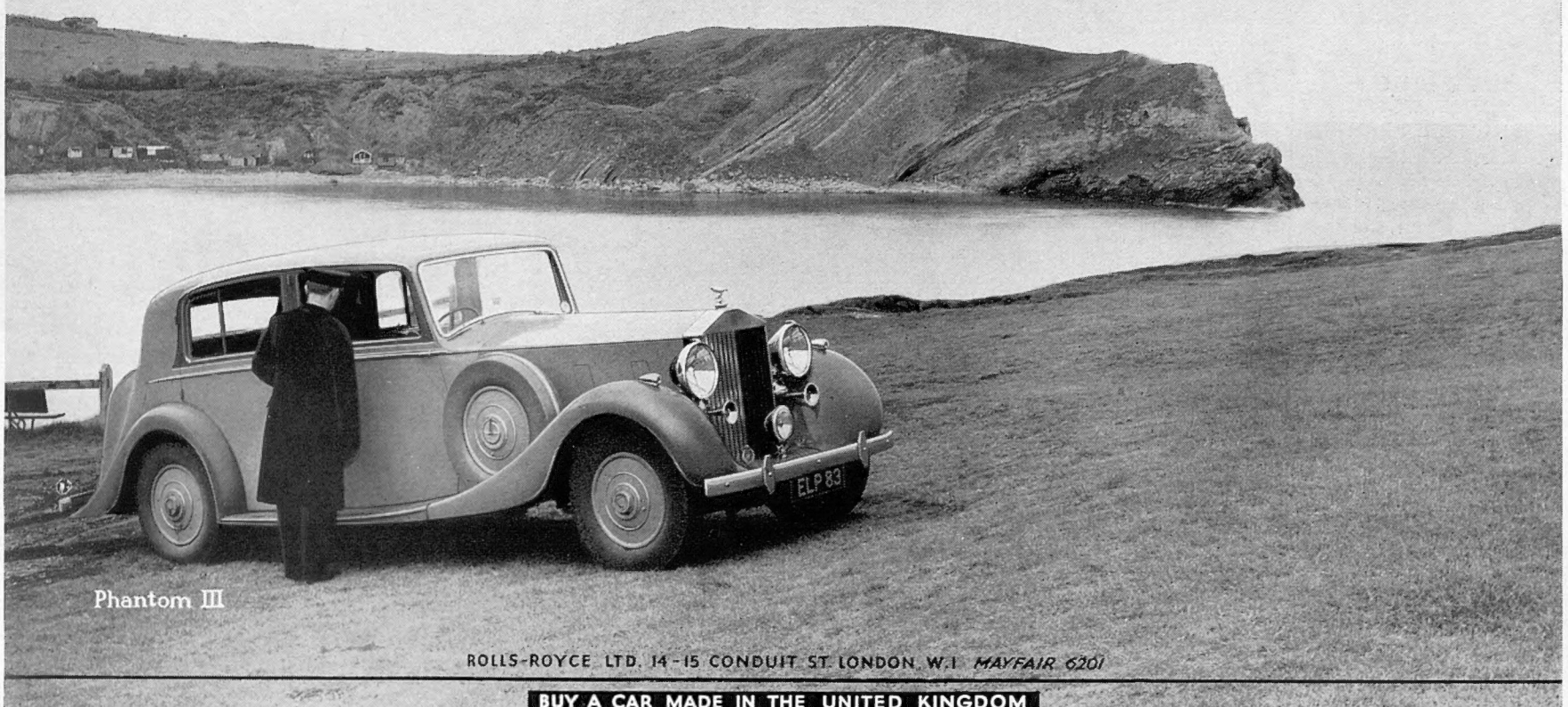

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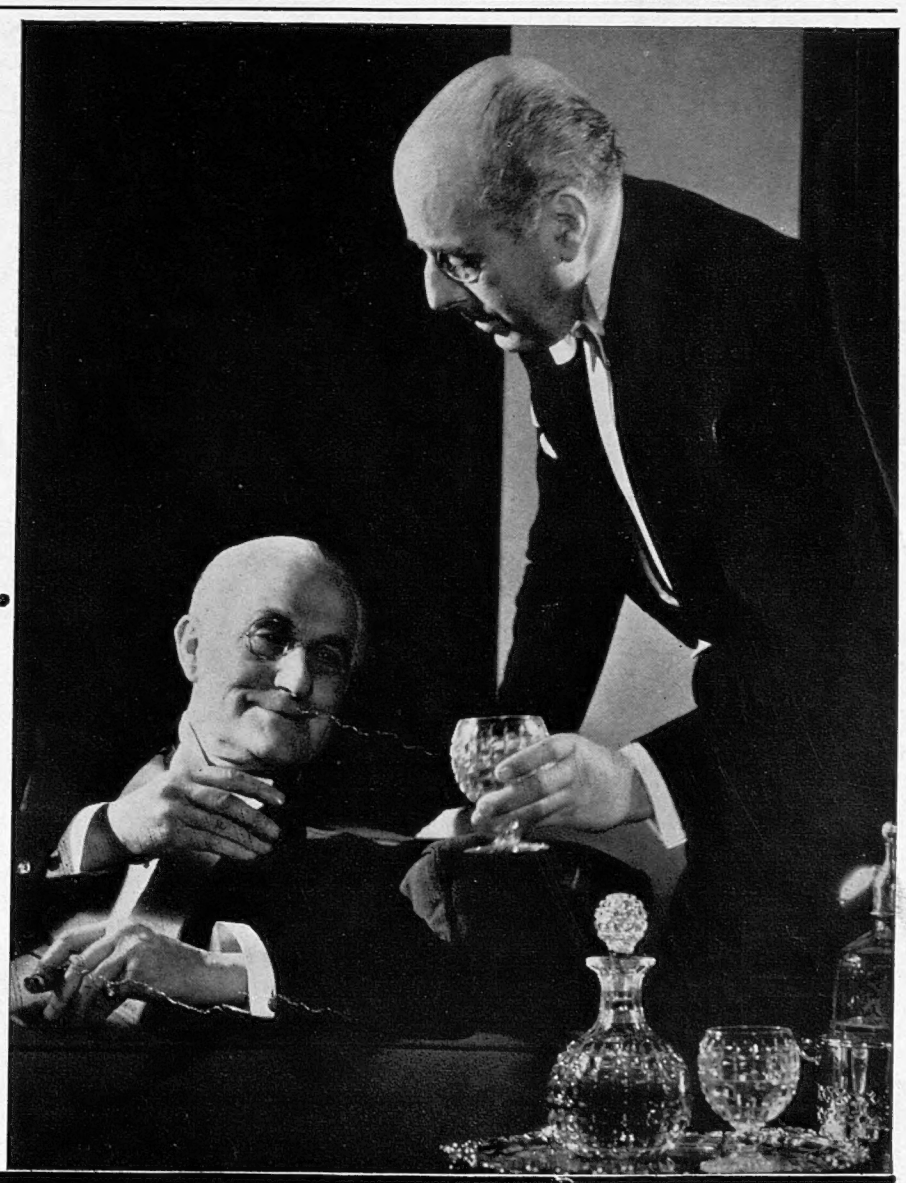

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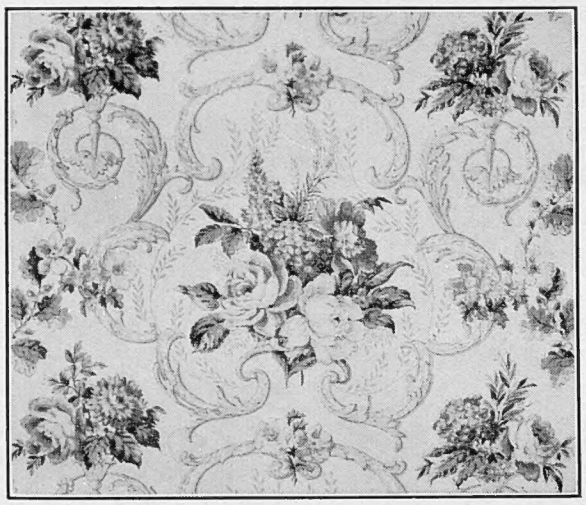

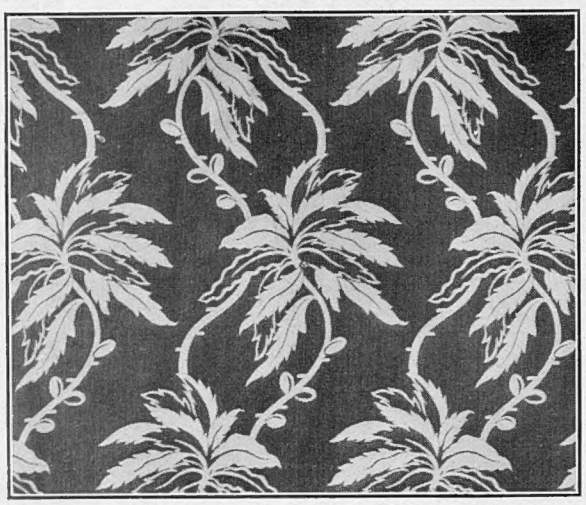

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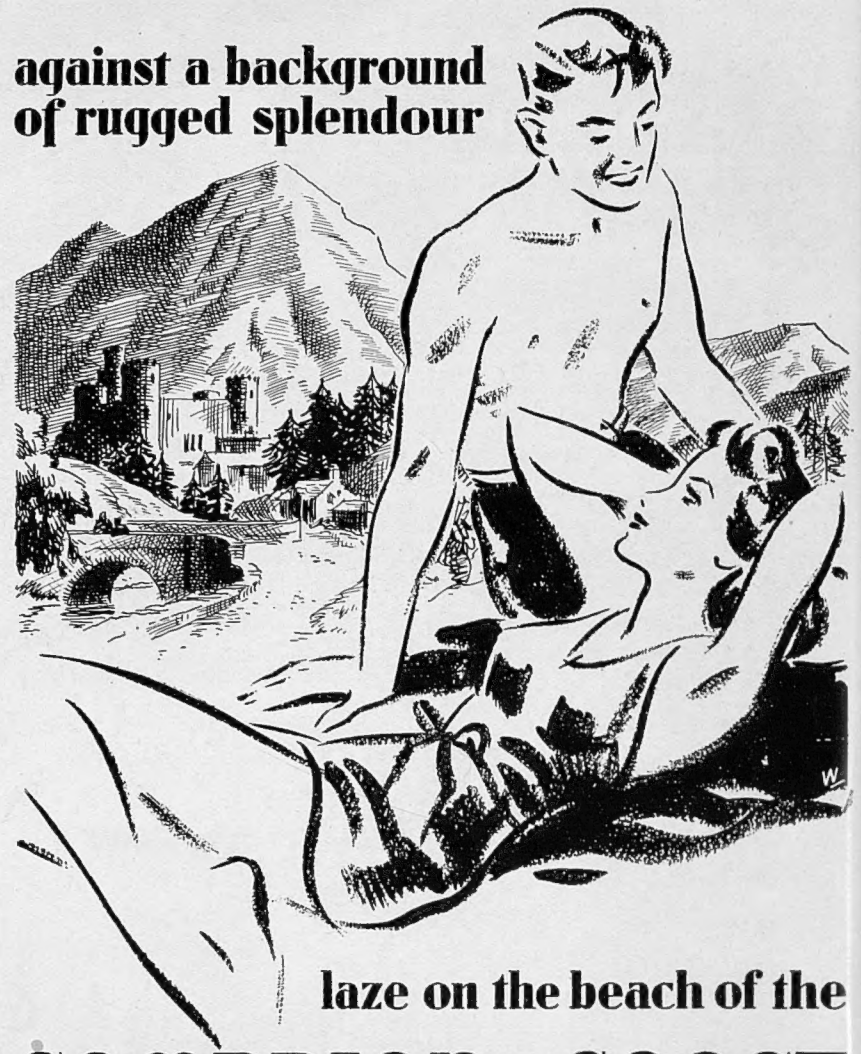

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 3, 1939

THE QUINS SEE THE QUEEN

Canada's Famous Children who Journeyed to Toronto To Be Received by the Royal Visitors

For the first time in the four years and fifty-one weeks of their cloistered lives the five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne left their nursery in Callander, Ontario, and journeyed by special train to Toronto where they were presented to the King and Queen. With the Quins was Dr. Dafoe, their doctor guardian, and in a subsequent article for the Press he described the happy informality of the occasion; how the children gave their autographed photographs for the Princesses; how the King explained about his medals to inquiring Cecilie; and then, crowning moment of all, how Annette cast decorum to the winds by running over to the Queen and throwing her arms around her and giving her a resounding kiss. In a moment the other four followed suit and simply smothered the Royal visitor with their embraces. "What a scene," said Dr. Dafoe. "I had a lump in my throat as big as an apple. We had been expecting a sober, formal presentation. What we got was the meeting of a mother and father who had been too long separated from their own babies with five little children who, incidentally, happened to be their wards"

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A CHARMING CITY WEDDING: A composite picture sh owi Mr. C. M. Hughes and Miss Marcia Trotter leaving the Temple Chur after their marriage last week. The bride wore a gown of mo brocade shot with copper, while the six bridesmaids had dress of champagne-coloured satin charmeuse with twisted headdress of the same satin. The honeymoon is being spent in Scotla

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, May 31, 1939.

ENFORCING PEACE.—

Slowly or quickly, according as the methods employed are the old and dignified approaches by diplomatic conversations or by the new "direct-action" method, the nations of Europe are massing themselves into two blocs. There are two things in common with these opposing blocs. Both are loud in their declarations that their alliances have but one motive: to preserve the peace of Europe; and both are prepared to ruin themselves in the amassing of death-dealing weapons to preserve that peace. The mad race in armaments is nothing but a Peace Stakes, the Angel of Peace is on the side of the Bigger Battalions. Each bloc, longing for peace, takes what comfort it may from estimating the armament potential it can put into the Field of Mars or rather the Garden of Eirene. On the slopes of Olympus, the gods look down on the tragi-comedy of human relations; some split their sides, others, with softer hearts than gods and goddesses are usually credited with possessing, let fall a crystal tear or two. Even we poor humans in travail have enough sense of humour left to appreciate how rich is the comedy we present to the Olympians, how still to-day we cling to the importance of words and believe that a cleverly drafted formula can go far to justifying our claim to be *homo sapiens* and to invest our actions with a logic not otherwise very apparent. We all come to bring peace with a sword. Without the sword there can be no peace. With the sword there is no end to war's menace.

PALESTINE EMBARRASSMENTS.—

I do not like the Palestine plan and ventured to say so. I thought it utterly wrong to reject the Peel Commission recommendations before they had been exhaustively considered, and most of all to ignore their most careful deductions from past history regarding the possibility of Jew and Arab in Palestine "lying down together." On that inexorable antipathy, the Peel recommendations were based and the Government plan seems to me doomed to expensive failure and endless trouble. But I never questioned the purity of the Government's motives. Not so Jewish interests: "The motives of the new policy . . . lie outside Palestine. The Government has persuaded itself that in the event of war in the eastern Mediterranean the Arabs can make a good deal of trouble for us and that it is necessary to conciliate them." Now, in the general criticism of the Government plan the voice that cries "Betrayal of Jewry" vastly preponderates. (This is a paragraph in lighter vein.) How embarrassing that cry must be to Nazi and Fascist critics of the Premier in all countries. For Mr. Chamberlain is "in the pay of the Jews." That is the hinge of all criticism of him. Once a week, disguised in a false beard, he visits a secret Jewish office and draws a huge fee for betraying the peace of Europe. And now here he is biting the hand that feeds him. Yet he is a business man and knows which side his bread is buttered. The whole "guts" of Nazi-Fascist criticism falls to the ground. Goebbels, Gayda, Mosley, all of them must think again. In whose pay is he? It can't be in Jewry's after all, unless he is a double-crosser of the deepest dye. But that won't do either. For he is a "benevolent old gentleman," too soft for such sharp practices. Somebody, of course, is paying him besides the British taxpayer. It must be a strictly purged and Aryan International Finance and not the more familiar Jewish variety that is doing the needful in order to ensure that Europe shall be kept in that perpetual state of panic which is so helpful for big business.

MING IN A NEW ROLE: The baby Giant Panda at London Zoo has started work on the screen and, by special permission of the Zoological Society, is being taken every day to a studio near Regent's Park where she puts in about two hours work. The picture is to be called *Pandamonium* and the story is based on the misadventures of a family which, on coming into a fortune, also finds itself in possession of an animal guest house. Ming and a chimpanzee are responsible for most of the antics. Ming obeys only her keeper, treating everyone else on the set with Garboesque indifference

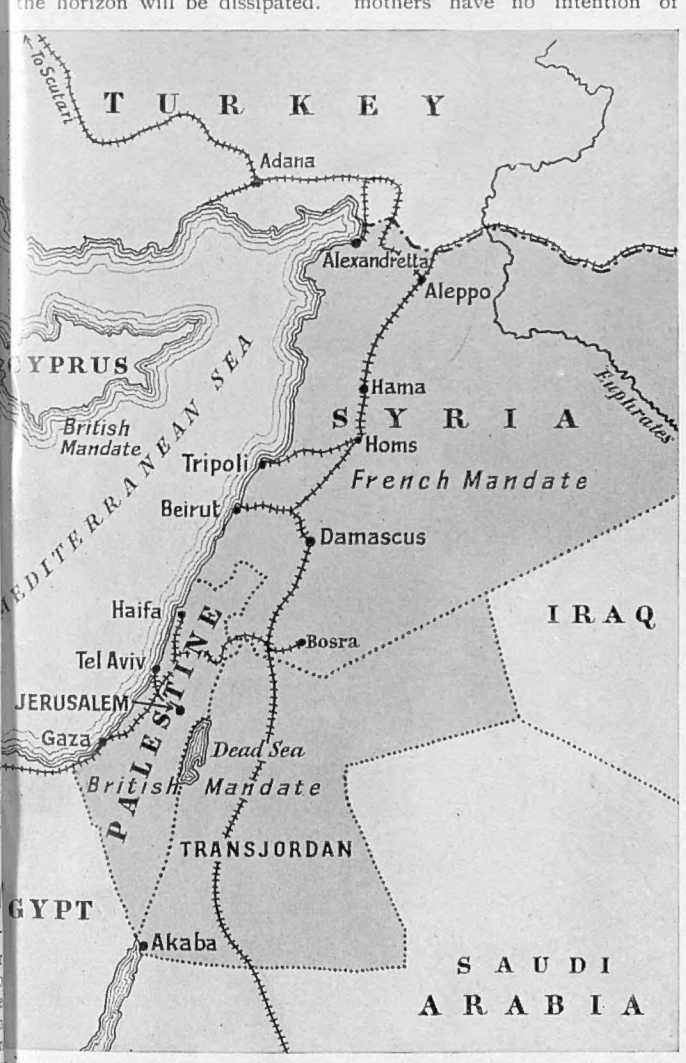
BRITISH AND GERMAN PRESS INTERCHANGE.—

Some time back Dr. Dietrich, Director of the German Press, made an offer to an important newspaper group in the States. It was to put the entire German Press at the disposal of a chosen American publicist for an informative article on American views and aspirations in return for a similar article in the American Press by a German on German views and aspirations. Complete liberty of comment was to be granted on either side. The American group felt compelled to refuse and Dr. Dietrich drew a bitter conclusion anent democracies. Hearing of it, Lord

Kemsley proposed that the English *Daily Sketch* group should take up the offer which America had refused. Dr. Dietrich now has that offer before him. "Candidus" is proposed as the British spokesman. Will the doctor accept? The German Press has said some hard things about England in the past years. So has it of America of late. So, indeed, have the English and American Press of Germany. There seems no reason why the offer refused by America should not be offered to Britain. I hope it will be so. It can only do good if the spokesmen are men of ability and moderation and bear in mind that no case, however strong, was ever effectively presented with violence and ill-temper and exaggeration. That applies to both sides alike.

HIGH SUMMER.—The Derby is a matter of history. The Whitsun holidays are over. We are in high summer before we realise spring has come and gone. The sweet of the year passes all too quickly. We can only congratulate ourselves that we have had a brief spell sweetened by a lessening of international tension. We only whisper it. Pessimists shake their heads at another lull before another storm. Optimists believe we are safe till after harvest, great optimists declare that every day of peace has the value of a year. Yet signs are not wanting that the common longing is making itself felt. There is a reaction to greater moderation in public utterance even among the most relentless propagandists. And it is not exuberant to suggest that if the difficulties in the way of a three-power peace bloc can be smoothed away, some of the heaviest and blackest clouds on the horizon will be dissipated. In many quarters there is evidence that this restrained note of hope is bearing fruit in quiet and constructive initiative. People are venturing to think of holidays as a possibility, and house agents and tourist offices are answering a few inquiries. A little business is filtering through to the mausoleums that were once busy stock-brokers' offices. Builders are laying bricks again for private persons and restocking distempers. If another nipping frost don't come along, high summer may have its ration of flowers and fruit—and a harvest at the end of it.

EVACUATION, THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT.—If at the time when evacuation in war time came up first for consideration, there had been clear and cool heads at work in Whitehall, much of the irritation, muddle and waste of money and energy might have been avoided. A panic measure on dictator lines was rushed through in September, 1938, and that ill-considered plan has been the fabric reshaped and patched ever since. Sir Samuel Hoare attributed its ill-fit to certain snobs in the country areas who did not want "slum children" spoiling their carpets. That was the measure of his appreciation of the problem of evacuation. Evacuation is a vital scheme in defence and it requires goodwill and willingness and faith on both sides. And it has been grossly mishandled. There was no preliminary survey undertaken to ascertain the willingness of persons to be evacuated. That was taken for granted, as the unwillingness of a few "receivers" was magnified into a grievance, and an excuse for official failure. A leisurely and tardy survey now reveals that thousands of mothers have no intention of leaving their husbands alone in cities and of accompanying their children. Rather, they would prefer to take risks for all the family at home. The authorities did not remember how deep-seated in most working-class women is preoccupation with their homes, how strongly they would object to leaving those homes to take care of themselves and indeed how little they would like the idea of entrusting their children to strangers. The poor response to the scheme for registering mothers to be evacuated with infants under five years old reveals how strong the antipathy to evacuation is. It shows, also, that unless the whole problem is reconsidered scientifically, zero hour, if ever it come, will find us as little prepared as in September, and a first-class muddle will result.



THE FEDERAL SOLUTION OF THE PALESTINE PROBLEM: If the whole area shown shaded in this sketch map were to be made into one great Arab confederation, it is felt in certain quarters that the Arabs would not resent a continued influx of Jews into the Palestine area west of the Jordan, and that in a measure the ideal of the Jewish National Home would be preserved. Viscount Samuel spoke along these lines during the Palestine debate in the Lords last week, and he was only one of many Government critics. The Government, however, scored a decisive majority in the subsequent voting

BEETHOVEN BROADCAST.—The blessings of broadcasting are perhaps not so often acknowledged as their evils and nuisances. For people are inclined to cry out their grievances and take their blessings for granted. To sit by his fireside in his favourite armchair, smoking a pipe, and to listen to the symphonies of the greatest musician of all time conducted by the first conductor of the age and played by the best orchestra in the country, that is a privilege which the invention of radio has given to man. No queueing up, no crowding, no discomfort of atmosphere, no uncertainty. In a modern instrument he may be sure of the full volume of sound, interfered with as little as possible by mechanical imperfections. On the other hand, he misses, of course, the visual stimulus to enjoyment which largely in opera and to a less extent in orchestral music contributes to the sum of his bliss. To watch the bows rising and falling in perfect time, to note the intervention of the different instrumentalists with sureness and exactitude, to keep the eyes on the conductor's baton while the waves of sound and harmony flood his soul with music, that no doubt adds much to a man's enjoyment of a great orchestral performance. But broadcast Beethoven under modern conditions, carried into one's home, is a blessing of our day which deserves a tribute of praise and gratitude. And for me, at the end of the festival, the conviction remains that the "Fifth Symphony" and the "Eighth Symphony" are the first masterpieces of grand music for all time.

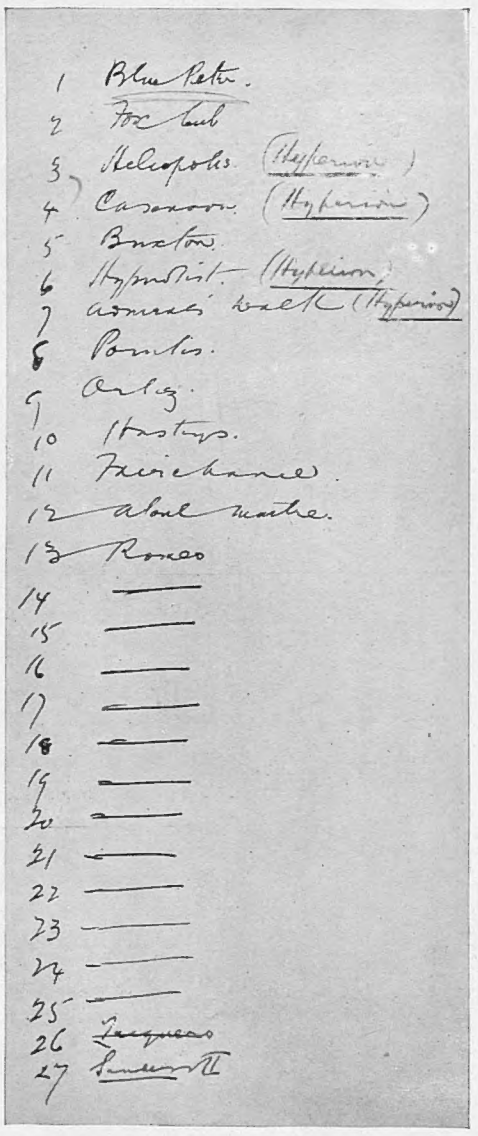
EIGHTS WEEK.—I don't suppose the oldest boatman can recall a finer and lovelier Eights Week at Oxford. Everything combined to make conditions ideal for crews and crowds. Oxford in May is hard to beat at any time. Christchurch Meadows and the river bank on a perfect May day is Paradise enow. One word to my alma mater's alma mater. Trinity retained quite easily the headship. Her second boat made six bumps, her third five bumps. If that did not justify a mild blind, then the Dean must be less tolerant than he was in the days when old Mr. Raper, with a very mixed drink in his hand, blinked tolerantly beside a bonfire fed with utility pieces of mahogany and in a barrage of crashing utility crockery.

IRISH PARIAHS.—Certainly, as Lord Dillon recently pointed out in simple and telling words, the position of Irish peers resident in England is one of the absurdities of the Constitution. Up to 1923 they at least stood a chance, more or less on their merits, to secure election to the House of Lords, though the vacancies represented but a small fraction of their numbers. Since the creation of the Irish Free State no such election has been held and the elected peers now number but sixteen instead of twenty-eight. It follows that a middle-aged holder of an Irish peerage, who may have held high proconsular office or done good service in any form of administrative service, or in the fighting or civil services or in industry or business, is denied the ordinary right of any youth who neither pays taxes nor has any experience gained in the service of his country. It would be too long and too complicated to go into the history of peerage creation, of lords of parliament and minor barons and so on. But the answer that such peers have only themselves to thank for preferring residence in England is, of course, no answer, and ignores the facts of history. An Irish peerage was constantly conferred on persons who had no stake in Ireland.

QUEEN MARY.—It is proper to record (though late in the day) some facts about Queen Mary's car accident. She was thrown to the floor of the car, badly shaken and bruised and she was rescued by workmen with the aid of a ladder. Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell hurt her arm, Lord Claud Hamilton his neck and hand. Queen Mary walked to a neighbouring house and after a time went home without receiving any treatment. She took the affair with great coolness, asked for a cup of tea and took a professional interest in the binding up of Lady Constance's arm. Her first thought was to ensure that a non-sensational report of the accident should reach the King and Queen. It is only necessary to see the photographs of the overturned car to realise how severe the shock must have been to all the occupants and how merciful was the escape from a much worse accident. Queen Mary's eye injury was a superficial cut on the pupil from the rim of a piece of lace, and the severe bruises from which she suffered are nearly cured. Better still, the after effects on the nerves, usual in such road accidents, were mitigated for herself and those in attendance on her by the fact that they knew nothing of the accident until the moment of impact. It is generally recognised that it is the two or three seconds of anticipation of accident which leaves the scar on the nervous system. But Queen Mary and Lady Constance and Lord Claud were all engaged during those vital seconds watching a caterpillar which was climbing up Lord Claud's trouser leg, and the lorry struck them a glancing blow from behind without any warning. Queen Mary's chauffeur, who had never had an accident before, had reason to think that the big Daimler would right itself and not overturn, and no doubt it would have done so if the blow struck had not thrown the occupants so heavily to one side. It was a merciful escape from worse.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SONS OF HYPERION



A study of the results of the Derby run on Wednesday of last week reveals some features of very special interest to the racing enthusiast. The field was remarkable for the inclusion of four sons of Hyperion, Derby winner in 1933, and four sons of Fairway, which after a highly successful racing career that did not include a Derby win, is now getting consistently good stock. Both sires ran in the colours of Lord Derby during their careers on the turf and the question in the minds of many racing folk last week was which quartette would triumph in the most important race in the world and so still further enhance the fame of a great name. It was Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter (by Fairway out of Fancy Free) that decided the issue, running away from his opponents in truly wonderful style, and in doing so showing himself to be one of the outstanding horses of the century. But the Hyperions, where were they?

As the above chart shows, they were right on the spot and, although they were unable to make a race of it with the winner and with the staying Fox Cub, a son of Foxhunter, they followed them home in close order. Judging from this race the Hyperion stock is in the ascendancy. Lord Derby may be justly proud of having bred two magnificent sires.

THE WHITSUN PARADE: The Crowds Make for the Open Air

HOLIDAY CROWDS ENJOY THE SUN: A Whit Monday scene at Morecambe, the famous Lancashire resort, which drew its usual large quota of north country folk during the week-end. Perfect weather marked the Bank Holiday, as witness the fact that the National Gallery attracted a mere 3,600 visitors as compared with 8,600 on the corresponding day last year. Everyone who could get away made for coast, river, or countryside

LONDON'S SEASIDE: Many Londoners who were unable to get away from town found on the sands beneath Tower Bridge a very good substitute for what they missed. There was a touch of Southend about the scene and even if the air lacked its seaside tang the exercise of a little imagination doubtless did much to restore the balance. Higher up the river was even more popular and the towpath at Hampton Court was as lively as Margate or Brighton in August. Cricket at Lord's and the Zoo also attracted hosts of Londoners

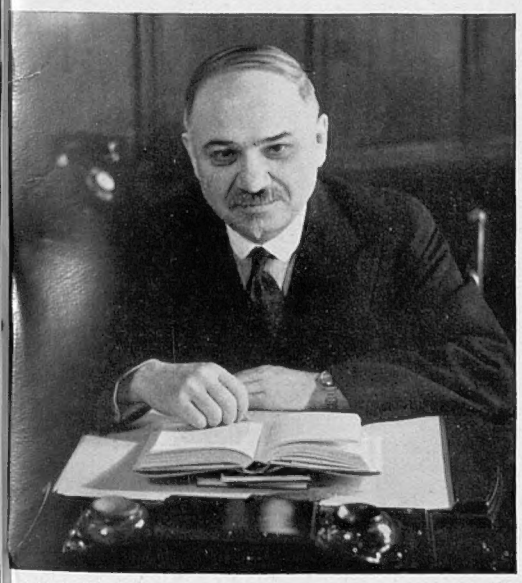
RUSSIAN TREATY

LORD HALIFAX AT THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE: The British Foreign Minister being greeted by Commandant Bezegler as he arrived with Sir Eric Phipps (centre), the British Ambassador in Paris, to meet Premier Daladier and

TALKS: Soviet Ambassador Maisky Negotiates With Lord Halifax and M. Bonnet

Foreign Minister Bonnet and discuss with them the drafting of proposals for the three-power agreement between Britain, France, and Soviet Russia. They had to proceed with care owing to Poland's attitude

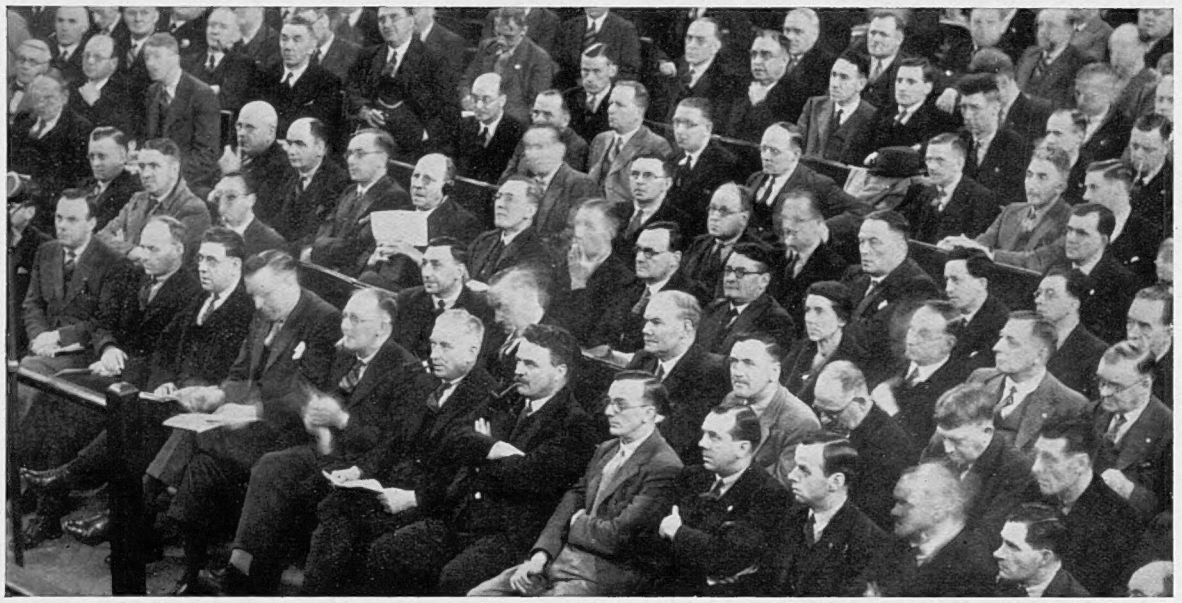
GENEVA MEETING: M. Bonnet (left), the French Foreign Minister, M. Maisky (centre), the Russian Ambassador to London, and Lord Halifax seen together after a luncheon given by M. Maisky



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: A new portrait of M. Maisky at his desk in the Soviet Embassy in London. *On left*—Russia's new Foreign Minister, M. Michailovitch Molotov, in conversation with Marshal Voroshilov, the Soviet Commissar for War and Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army. It is understood that Voroshilov has been invited to attend manœuvres in England during this summer

EVENTS AT HOME: The General Assembly in Edinburgh—Trade Unionists and the Conscription Issue

A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT HOLYROODHOUSE: The Right Hon. Sir John Gilmour, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, seen with his guests on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Edinburgh last week. Left to right, seated: The Earl of Home, Mrs. Chamberlain, Sir John Gilmour, Lady Gilmour, Mrs. John Bryans (lady-in-waiting), and Mr. Chamberlain. Left to right, standing: Mr. J. Wilson Paterson, Lieut. J. E. Gilmour (A.D.C.), The Rev. Archibald Fleming, Captain E. D. Stevenson (purse bearer), Mr. J. S. C. Reid, K.C.



LABOUR'S VIEW OF NATIONAL SERVICE: A study in mass concentration in Westminster Hall as Sir Walter Citrine addressed 1,000 executive T.U.C. delegates. They finally decided that there would be no withdrawal from co-operation with the Government in voluntary national service and no sanction given to strike action against conscription. Labour again voted on this question at the Party conference at Southport where a resolution in favour of resisting any form of conscription was rejected. The voting was: For the resolution, 286,000; against, 1,670,000

IN DUTCH NATIONAL COSTUME: A delegate to the Conference of Associated Countrywomen of the World outside Central Hall, Westminster, on arriving to attend one of the meetings. Fifty-seven countries are represented

LAUNCHING SELSEY'S NEW LIFEBOAT: The Duchess of Norfolk seen as she performed the inaugural ceremony. The boat is named *Canadian Pacific* and is the gift to Selsey of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company

Jewry Resents the New Palestine Policy

Demonstrations in Jerusalem and Haifa Following the Government's Announcement

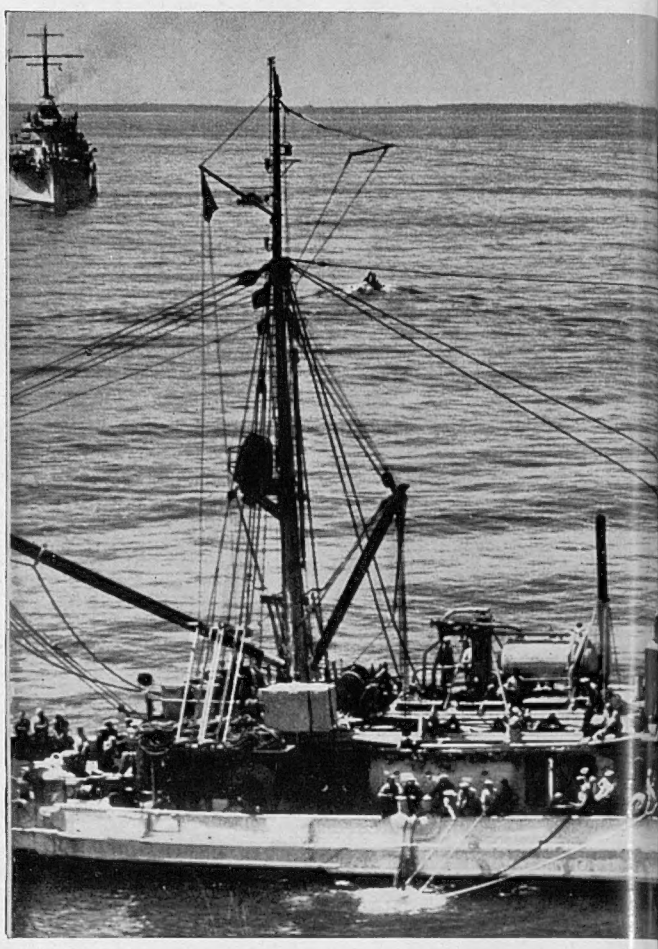
JEWISH WOMANHOOD MAKES ITS PROTEST: Marching through the streets of Jerusalem during the monster demonstration held in the city after the announcement of the British Government's proposals for the future of Palestine. While the Arabs are not particularly enthusiastic about the proposals, the Jews are for the most part bitterly hostile. They are especially upset by the provision which limits Jewish immigration to a further 75,000 and thus brings to an end the whole idea of the National Home. When the proposals were put to the vote in Parliament last week the Government obtained a decisive majority. Mr. Churchill spoke in opposition

MARCHING THROUGH JERUSALEM: Demonstrators parading in the city in order to show their displeasure at the Government's proposals. Later on this particular day (May 18), a large crowd gathered in Zion square and at about sunset men broke through the cordons and threw stones at the police. Street lamps and shop windows were broken, while one party of Jews fired on the police

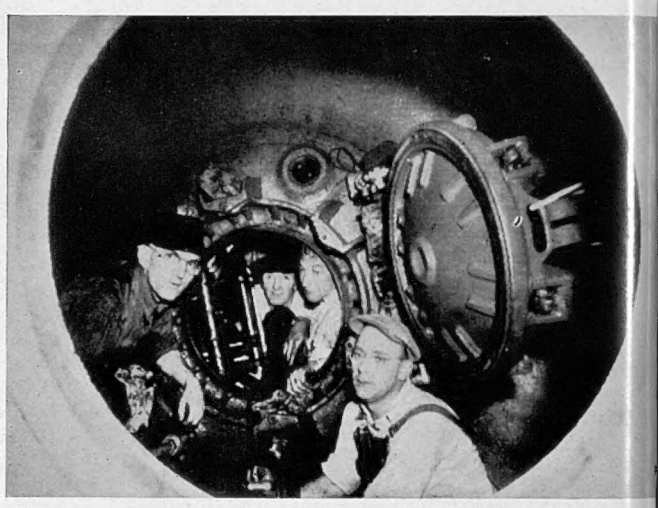
HOLDING IN THEIR ARMS THE SCROLLS OF THE LAW, these Haifa rabbis gathered with their flocks in order to make known their dissatisfaction with the British plans for Palestine

HOW 33 MEN WERE RES

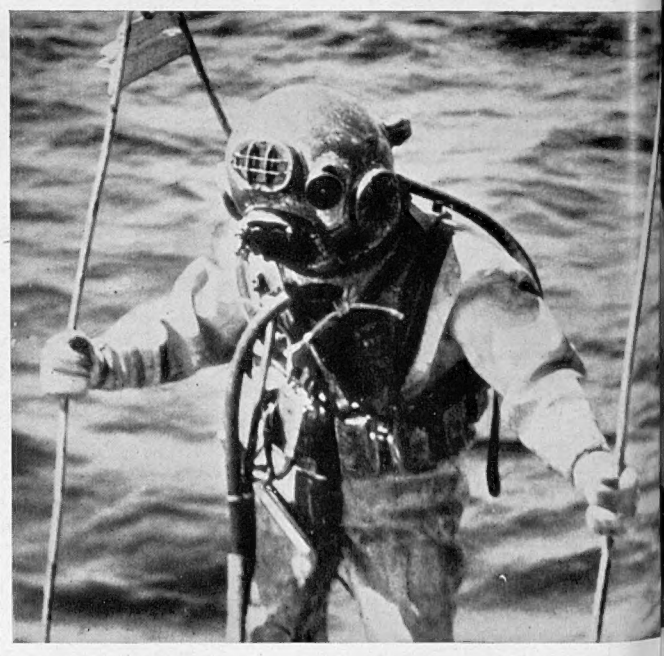
Brought to the Surface by a Diving Bell Af



A BID FOR LIFE: This was the scene aboard the salvage vessel *Falcon* as members of the crew lowered a diving bell in their successful attempt to rescue the officers and men of the U.S. submarine *Squalus* which had sunk in 240 ft. of water off New Hampshire



LOOKING INTO THE EXIT HATCH OF THE DIVING BELL which was used to effect the escape of 33 members of the crew of the American submarine *Squalus*. The bell weighs 9 tons and is designed to fit over any one of the escape hatches of a submarine



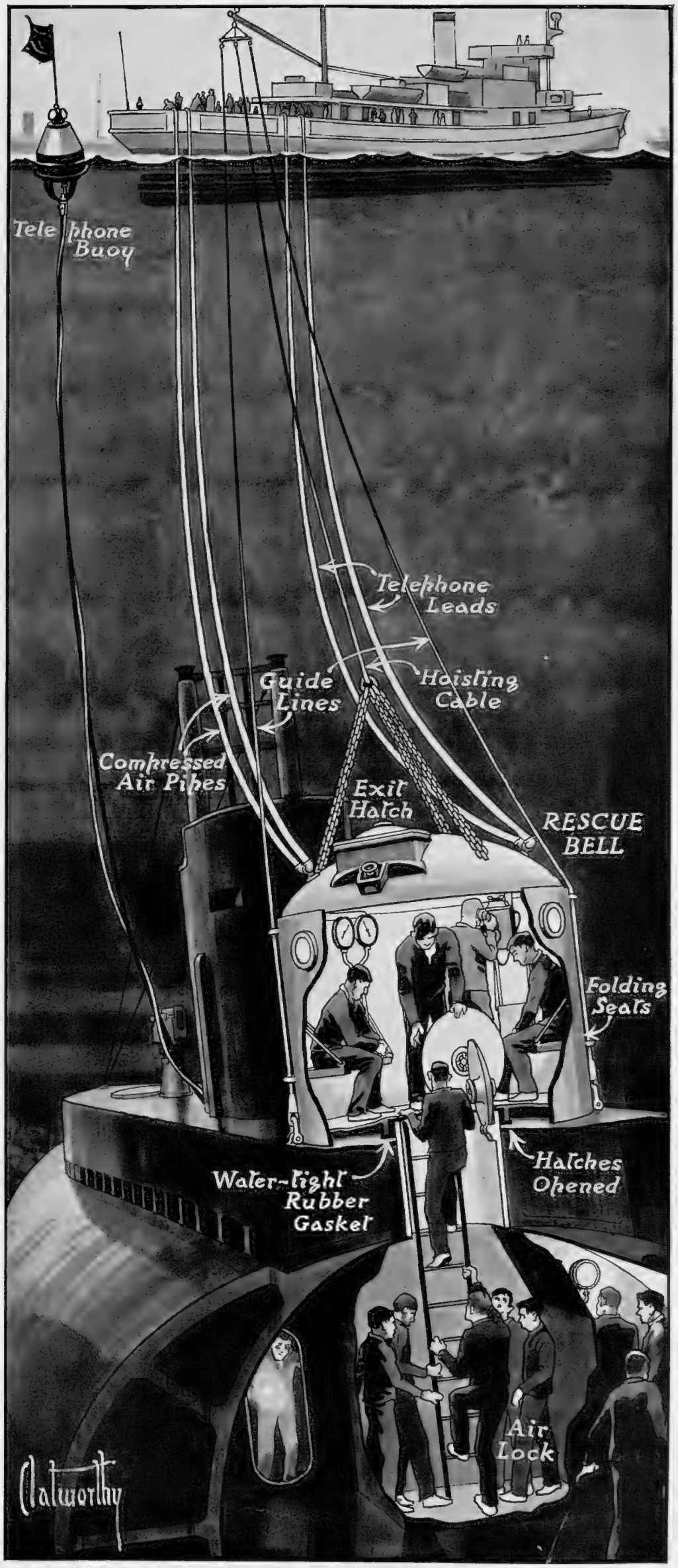
ERRAND OF MERCY: United States Navy diver Thompson about to descend from the salvage vessel *Falcon* to help fit the bottom of the diving bell over one of the exit hatches of the sunken submarine. In his hands he is grasping the guide lines. He and his fellow divers had no easy task owing to the great pressure of the water

UED FROM A SUBMARINE

an Ordeal of Many Hours on the Ocean Bed

RESCUED FROM THE DEPTHS: Men stepping from the exit hatch of the diving bell on to the salvage vessel *Falcon* when the bell completed the first of its four trips to the sunken submarine. Of the sixty officers and men on board the *Squalus* thirty-three were saved

SAFE AND SOUND: Members of the crew of the *Squalus* wrapped in blankets after being brought up in the diving bell. All the men were fit, but they reported that they had suffered from intense cold while on the ocean bed. The bell brought up eight or nine men at a time. On its last trip it stuck midway to the surface



HOW IT WORKED: A diagrammatic drawing specially made for "The Sphere" to show the diving bell in action. When divers had clamped the bell on to an exit hatch of the submarine, the lower hatch in the bell and the submarine hatch were opened, and eight or nine men were crowded inside the small chamber. After being hoisted to the surface the pressure in the bell had to be decreased slowly before the occupants could leave in safety. The diving bell made four trips

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S STATE VISIT TO BELGIUM: Her Majesty seen with King Leopold as she inaugurated the Dutch Pavilion at the International Water Exhibition in Liége. The occasion was one of special significance, for Belgium and Holland have often been at loggerheads in the past over the question of water rights

BELGO-DUTCH ACCORD

What Lay Behind Queen Wilhelmina's Successful State Visit

THE Royal train draws up, exactly on time, at a platform of the Nord station in Brussels. On the platform, slightly in front of a group of palace and civic dignitaries, stands the slight, shy figure of King Leopold of the Belgians. Queen Wilhelmina emerges from her compartment and the two sovereigns advance to greet each other. The platform echoes with the sound of military commands, orange flags sway gently, the band strikes up the "Wilhelmus," national anthem of Holland, and as the party moves off to the Royal waiting-room, a fireman of a nearby train remarks, in the peculiar accent of a Brussels Fleming:

"The Queen and the King look just like our sort—the rest of 'em are too high-hat for folks like me." Good sovereigns always find the truest support in the ranks, not of the pluto-aristocracy or middle classes, but of the common people.

The Brussels streets from the station to the Royal Palace are crowded as only Brussels streets can be. The citizens of this ebullient city love nothing better than an occasion for public rejoicing.

It is terribly hot. Perspiration streams from under the furry helmets of the mounted gendarmes, who look like our Horse Guards, and the sun is hot against the white and blue uniforms of hussars. The salute of guns from the Cinquentenaire is heard above the yelling of the crowds and the singing of children, and as the Royal carriage passes you hear the lovely sound of high-stepping hoofs, clear and metallic, like notes of a Ravel piano concerto through the raucous roar of voices. The Queen smiles and bows and waves to the crowds.

The procession passes quickly through the Place du Congrès to the Palace. The Place du Congrès: one wonders if Queen Wilhelmina recalled the famous Brussels Congress, which, towards the end of 1830, declared Belgium's independence and thrust the Dutch from these southern provinces over which they had ruled since the union of the two countries under William I of the Netherlands.

The fifteen-years rule of the Dutch in Belgium had not been marked by overmuch wisdom. William I appears to have been one of those *koppig*, obstinate Dutchmen, who did much good among his own people but refused to compromise with those whose traditions and upbringing were, after all, opposed to the Protestant and francophobe Hollanders. Racial affinity is not enough to create unity of taste and character, as Holland soon found out, and as other nations have yet, alas, to find out.

"The policy of the Dutch was strong enough to create opposition in Belgium, but not strong enough to break it."

Opposition in Belgium came at first chiefly from the powerful clerical party; but William might have reached a compromise with this group, and went so far as to conclude a concordat with the Vatican. The Dutch people, however, would have no truck with the Pope, and so that broke down. Then the anti-clerical Belgian liberals became a means whereby William might have concluded an arrangement satisfying Belgian aspirations while maintaining the union. But the Belgian liberals were too francophile for their Dutch colleagues, who, in Parliament, opposed the measures which were introduced by the southern provinces. The result was that Belgian liberals and clericals joined forces and declared for independence.

The Paris July revolution started the ball rolling in Brussels, and in September, 1830, the Dutch Prince Frederick and his troops were beaten out of the city. Some 700 Dutch and 500 Belgians were killed in the streets of Brussels; and the Dutch were forced back to Antwerp, the merchants of which city feared that independence might deprive them of the free use of the River Schelde. In November, 1830, the National Congress at Brussels declared the country independent, and, in the following month, supported by the London Conference, called Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the Belgian throne.

That was just over 100 years ago. To-day the high-stepping horses of the Royal stables draw through the beflagged and crowded Place du Congrès the carriage in which are seated, side by side, the descendant of that William I whose *koppigheid* broke the "*union intime et complète*" which had existed precariously for 15 years; and the descendant of that Leopold of Saxe-Coburg whose accession marked the end of Dutch ambitions in the south.

Since that time there has been a good deal of bad blood between the two countries, largely the result of disputes over water rights. The Schelde question, so seriously affecting Antwerp and Rotterdam, has been the chief point of difference, but this may now be considered as finally settled. On the whole, all the bitterness left over from 1830 has completely disappeared as a result of a gradual process of understanding, which has reached full measure in the last two or three years.

Roy Elston

NEWS ON THE A.R.P. FRONT

Progress of Evacuation Plans: Valuable Work of the Air Raid Defence League

A BOROUGH PREPARES: These sandbags are part of an order for half a million which the Home Office has sold to Wandsworth Council at a cost of £2,500. They would be used to protect the council buildings in time of emergency

APART from the 3,000,000 children and the special classes to be evacuated at once in emergency, as now arranged, the Government no longer asks the public who wish to move to leave well in advance of hostilities, "lightning war" prohibiting any reliable forecast of available time. People are now "asked" to stay where they are for the first four days required to carry out the Government voluntary evacuation scheme. Except that petrol supplies will be cut off, the Government, "after much discussion," has decided not to take steps to compel them to—unless obliged. It may be safely assumed that during these four days no transport of any sort will be available for refugees not included in the scheme. A Government statement on the position of private motorists will be made shortly.

Nearly 1,000,000 rooms in the country are now reserved for private individuals making their own arrangements. The Government has no concern with these, provided they do not conflict with the smooth working of its own schemes. Eight roads out of London will be reserved by the Government as one-way streets for private individuals who wish to leave by car after the first four days. In spite of the risk of road congestion, this is expected to relieve a good deal of anxiety that has been caused by "rather severe measures" to restrain voluntary evacuation at the beginning of hostilities. It seems certain that in the first stage of an emergency no private individuals will be permitted to evacuate themselves by train. A hundred trains an hour for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four will be needed for at least two days for the evacuation of State refugees from the main line London stations.

Despite plenty of advance publicity, a very small proportion of mothers in London availed themselves of the opportunity to register at the elementary schools on May 20 if they wished to move with children five years old and younger in the event of emergency. The Government anticipated two-thirds acceptances, some who are now objecting may change their minds in a crisis, but so far general reluctance is shown to accept a scheme involving dispersal of the family. The main outlines of the Government's war-time evacuation scheme are now an old story, and it seems strange that the possibility of so serious a complication as now arises should not have had attention drawn to it long ago by the mothers concerned. But theirs is not the blame. It is an example of the very thing that the A.R.P. warden was urged by the Department and at lectures to investigate at least a year ago.

What happened? Wardens who acted with zeal along these lines immediately after the September crisis—the "shepherds," "channels of communication" (see handbook)—were promptly rapped over the knuckles for officiousness by their local authorities. Initiative, unless it can be made to appear to emanate directly from these, has been systematically discouraged in some boroughs. For instance, there are wardens who have been waiting in vain for months for orders to sound the mothers on this very subject of evacuation. Apathy in the rank and file seems to be almost deliberately cultivated, not by intent but by stupidity. To quote the indignant and loudly applauded exclamation at the Chelsea town hall meeting of the Air Raid Defence League, they are "sick and tired of being treated like babies."

A valuable report issued by the Air Raid Defence League suggests that the billeting capacity revealed by the recent survey could be used to advantage both by extending the number of evacuated areas and by dispersing also non-essential adults as well as children from the danger zones. It also suggests that adults who wish to migrate in war-time should anticipate possible events by doing so now if convenient. Are those unwilling to do so, or unable economically, to stay and perhaps add to the casualty list?

Two questions awaiting a clear Government pronouncement are whether private arrangements are to continue for the evacuation of this class, and of children, to the care of friends and relatives in the reception areas, or would the private transfer of both these classes be forcibly discouraged during the evacuation period?

The Air Raid Defence League bids fair to become the arena for the discussion of everything that bears on national defence. Government departments concerned (says the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*) are disposed to take considerable interest in its monthly reports which, representing no official view, are regarded as the best informed commentary extant.

The first three issues alone, March, April and May, at the modest cost of membership or six-pence apiece, clear the mind of the myriad controversies and trivial irrelevances that have obscured for the average householder and warden a clear view of the essentials and current development of A.R.P. This is a grateful tribute from one warden member.

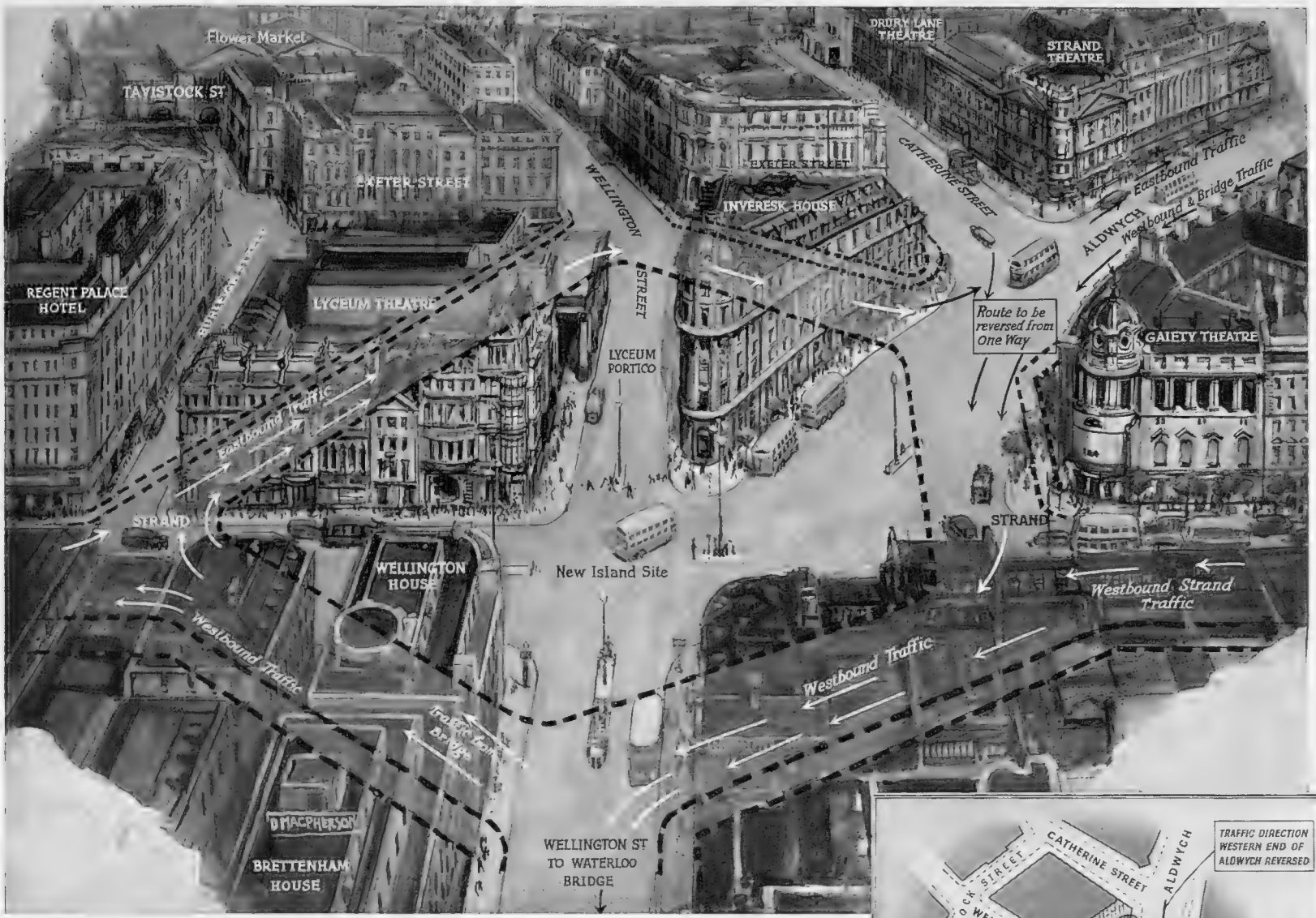
Much is rightly made of the importance of railway plans dealing with evacuation. Less is heard about the possibilities of roads. Are their full potentialities being given a "square deal"? Traffic on Derby Day should throw some light. A highway is less easily put out of business than a railway. Not to mention the by-way. There are fewer nerve centres. An army moved from Paris in taxi-cabs turned the tide of battle on the Marne. Many reception areas are within reasonable walking distance.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

SCULPTURE IN MINIATURE: These magnificently worked pieces of rock-crystal are included in the exhibition at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, of the intaglio carvings of Professor A. I. Loewental, who is perhaps the greatest living master of this highly specialised art. He also uses cornelians and agate as mediums for his brilliantly patient work. "I would compare the intaglio to the epigram," writes Sir George Hill in his foreword to the catalogue. "It must have exactly the same brilliance, the same precision and the same hardness suffused with emotion"

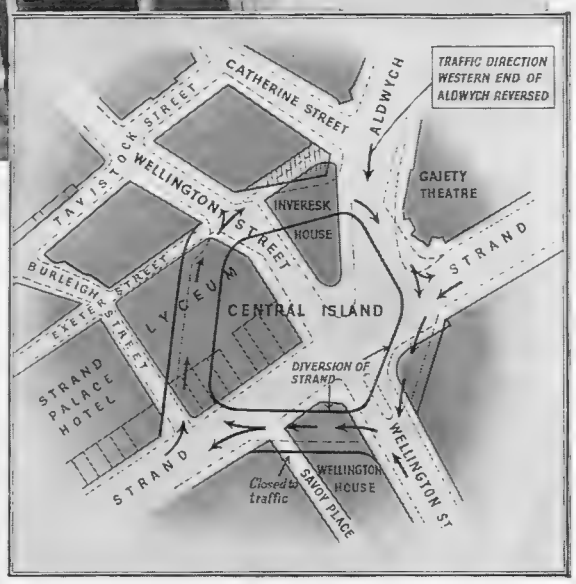
THE STRAND ROUNDABOUT PLAN : A GRANDIOSE TRAFFIC SCHEME

£2,000,000 To Be Spent On Creating An Island Site at the Northern Approach to Waterloo Bridge



Drawn by D. Macpherson

A REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPTION: A diagrammatic drawing specially made for "The Sphere" to show the magnitude of the alterations the London County Council proposes to carry out at the point where the northern approach to Waterloo Bridge meets the Strand. It is intended to make a giant traffic roundabout, thus creating an island site in the centre. The dotted lines indicate the circular roadway and it can be seen that it will cut through Wellington House, the Lyceum Theatre block, and Inveresk House. The total cost will be about £2,000,000 and the expense alone has already aroused considerable opposition to the scheme



WHOLESALE DEMOLITION IS INVOLVED in the London County Council scheme for building a traffic roundabout at the junction of Wellington Street and Strand, and this sketch map indicates the extent of the property, including part of the Lyceum block, that will have to come down if the present plans go through

IN THE PATH OF THE PICK: Wellington House (*above*) at the junction of the Strand and Wellington Street, and Inveresk House (*right*), the former offices of "The Sphere" and its sister publications, will both be involved if the London County Council's plan for a traffic roundabout comes, as expected, to fruition. Those who are urging on the plan declare that when the new Waterloo Bridge is put into operation it is certain to attract an enormous amount of cross-river traffic, and therefore it is necessary to increase the capacity of the intersection from 4,500 vehicles an hour to 8,000 vehicles an hour. It is argued on the other hand that £2,000,000 is too large a sum for such work and that it would be ridiculous to pull down so many buildings of modern and comparatively modern date

MONTREAL'S GREAT WELCOME

WHERE 80,000 FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADIAN CHILDREN GATHERED: This was the brilliant scene in Montreal Stadium as the King and Queen drove slowly round the arena while their youthful subjects sang "God Save the King." Some of them were formed up to make a representation of the Union Jack. The Royal car then continued its 26-mile drive through the city. *Below*—An enthusiastic group

How Canada's Largest City Received the King and Queen

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On right—
THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVE QUEBEC: Their Majesties smiling from the observation platform of their special train as they set out for Montreal on the first stage of their trans-continental journey which is taking them to all the great cities and towns of Canada. In Montreal the King and Queen received an ovation which, according to one correspondent, was positively staggering. Their 26-mile drive through the city was a real triumph and in the enthusiasm that it evoked was comparable to London at the Coronation and Silver Jubilee time

On right—
THE QUEEN SIGNS THE GOLDEN BOOK: The King looks on as Her Majesty puts her signature on the first page of the new volume in Montreal City Hall. It replaces the volume which was begun by King George V. *Below*—The King and Queen beside the cairn erected on the heights of Mount Royale to commemorate the visit to Montreal

BRITAIN'S FAST-

H.M.S. "RODNEY" FIRES HER A.A. GUNS during gunnery exercises off Portland where the Home Fleet forgathered last week. A picture taken from the deck of H.M.S. *Nelson* and showing off-duty men in the foreground. *Rodney's* biggest guns are of 16-in. calibre and the cost of firing a triple salvo is £700

MAJESTIC MIGHT: A fine bow on
battleship *Rodney* as s ste
to taking part in gunn ex

THE "NELSON'S" GUNS ROAR: Off-duty men watching as the 4·7 anti-aircraft guns fired at a Queen Bee radio-controlled target plane during Home Fleet gunnery exercises off Portland. In addition to her 4·7-in. guns the *Nelson* has twelve 6-in. guns, which can, if necessary, be used for A.A. work. They have an elevation of 60 deg. Following the machine as it twists and turns in flight and at the same time making allowances for the speed of the ship demands gun-laying of a high order and really first-rate team work

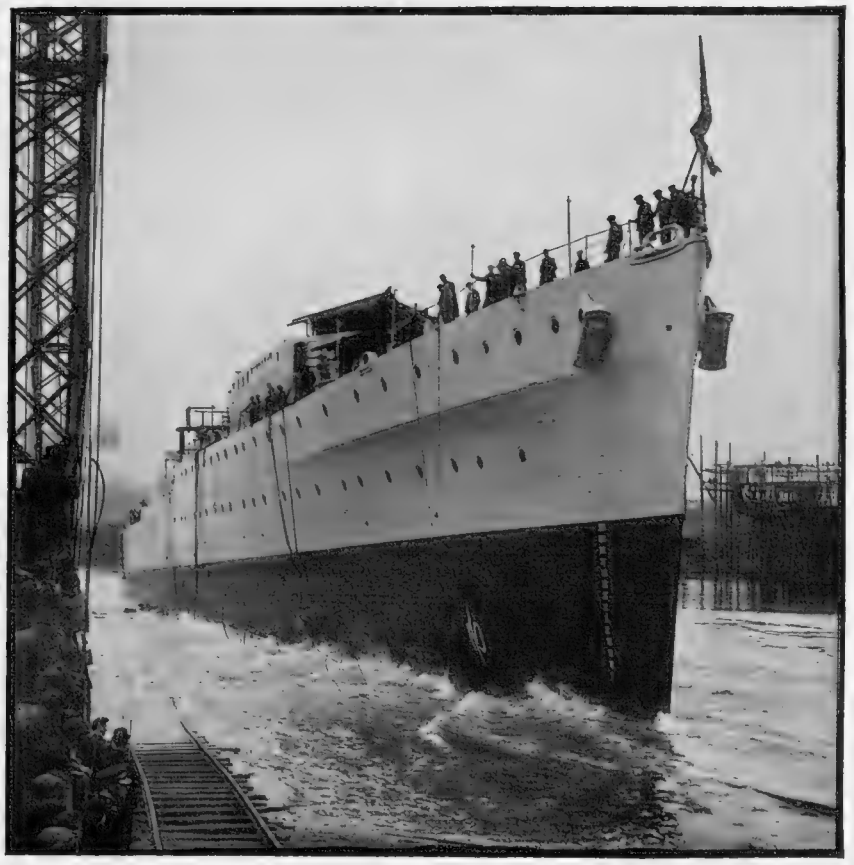
SPEARHEAD OF THE NAVY: Th ew
has been built for servi y
her size must be regarde s
midable warships aflo he

EXPANDING NAVY: Gunnery in the Channel: Two Launchings

on study of the 34,000-ton
steamed off Portland prior
exercises. At the moment she shares with H.M.S. *Nelson* the distinction of being Britain's most powerful battleship, but they will soon yield pride of place to the *King George V* and the *Prince of Wales*

ANOTHER RECRUIT TO THE TRITON CLASS: The new submarine *Taku* seen as she took the water on being launched from the Birkenhead yard of Messrs. Cammell Laird. Round her floated the wooden supports dragged from the slipway

ew motor torpedo-boat
oy Scott-Paine, and for
s one of the most for-
he carries two or four torpedoes, smoke-screen apparatus, and depth charges, while other notable features are the power-operated gun-turrets and the armour-piercing guns. The three 1,100-h.p. Rolls-Royce engines give a cruising speed of over 40 knots



A NEW CRUISER LAUNCHED AT GLASGOW: H.M.S. *Hermione*, a 5,450-ton vessel of the Dido class, taking the water at Stephen's yard. Hardly a week passes without one or more new warships being launched and there is every evidence to show that Britain's naval rearmament is proceeding at a satisfactory pace

TROOPS PILE ARMS OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES: A picture taken while the French National Assembly was in session within

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT the risk of being squashed by military historians, it looks to this humble student that the present is the sixth French army, as a distinctive type and organism, that has appeared in the past 300 years.

I take off with Louvois, who thought out and set afoot Europe's first regular army, destined to be led from triumph to triumph by Condé, Turenne, and Luxembourg. But unbroken success can breed sluggishness, and one detects French Army No. 2 in the host to suffer at the hands of Marlborough and Eugene—even if Berwick and Villars recaptured some leeway as the war of the Spanish Succession drew to its close.

The glorious Armies of the Revolution and of the Napoleonic *Epopée* stand out clearly, together with the transformation in strategic methods associated with them. It all ended in disaster, but it also ended in something else not so evident. Bonaparte seems not to have enhanced to any great extent the organisation or the tactics of the army which during the fifty years after Waterloo gathered moss on an already dusty surface. Came 1870 and French Army No. 4, and the bottom fell out of things. "Ready to the last button," said Marshal Le Boeuf. Seething with an offensive urge that outstripped the Prussian, and, in the upshot, quite schooled to sustain the defensive role inflicted on it following Sedan.

The French army of 1914 nearly came to grief at the outset by persevering with the doctrine of the *offensive à outrance*. But the national common sense spoke before the evil took irreparable root, and the world witnessed during the next years an army adapting itself better to the new and swiftly changing conditions than did any other.

The film of memory takes me back to a dinner at Larue's in early 1919, its six celebrants still in uniform—two Americans, two from the British Isles, a New Zealander, a Frenchman. Who had, all in all, proved the best soldier? The riotous verbiage veered round to this at one stage, and that France had produced him was the final consensus, chiefly, if I recollect rightly, because the Frenchman systematically acted on a more intelligent appreciation of his surroundings.

ONE'S opponent is a better judge than most, and a secret document signed Ludendorff, which came our way in the winter of 1917, set forth that the French were better in the attack and more skilful in the defence than the British who, however, could stay the course better. The French used ground in the attack just as well as they used it in the defence; were equally skilful in the tactical use of their artillery and of their infantry. In fact, the Germans grew to be most respectful of that fifthly materialised French army. But it was cruelly hacked: 1,300,000 dead, really.

Now this sixth exemplar, twenty-five years after last curtain rise. It has probably been more lauded before the event most of us hope will not happen than any army in history. "Lloyd George Says French Army Best in World" ran a recent "streamer" headline. Mr. Churchill had been saying the same thing for years, and many another less qualified.

In what way may it be the best? An army is made up of many facets. Its higher officers and staff. Its officer corps and N.C.O. equivalent. Its career troops, cadres. Its reserve material. Its conscripted masses. Its training and equipment, leading to fire-power and mobility. Its temper.

It has been heard before that the French army at its best is the nation. I suppose I only began to sit up and take notice of the French nation after the war, but it has certainly never behaved better since then than it is doing at this moment. These people who are likely to die among the first and in largest numbers are going about their business with quiet, universal *tant pis*! None know better than they the crass idiocy of brutally terminating this brief spell of life, as the various labels and slogans demand that we shall. But if they revolted they'd be overwhelmed by Germany and trodden under. That's probably the one reason they do not revolt. Which is tantamount to calling attention to a fine national behaviour.

"The Army," writes Prince William of Sweden, "is magnificently and rightly popular. Internationalism is far away, as also the strike frame of mind, and nobody any longer thinks of reducing the work of the nation. Under the external menace, the French nation has found again its entire unity, the consciousness of its historic prestige, of its ideals and of its duties."

HERE, in Tours, a very military-cum-aerial centre, but also agricultural metropolis, one finds the above words to be true and justified. And do not overlook that the present is an exceptional moment for assessment, in that something like 1,750,000 men are mobilised along or behind France's 1,200 miles of land frontiers, or located in centres inland. This swollen total, four times what would normally be under arms in the homeland or "*Métropole*," has been progressively mobilised during three months, and the undodgable summons to the civilian, call to arms, brings financial worry, even hardship, in its train. Dropping his ordinary earnings, a mobilised man gets the few pence, *poilu's* daily pay, and can (if married) expect nothing from the family allowance paid his wife. Toilers on the land have had to respond precisely when their leaving the fields is likely to spell a year's ruination.

In addition to hundreds of thousands recalled for service from civil life (fortunate in being certain of returning to their own jobs) are as many again of young men who expected to end their two years' conscription in April but who must now remain a further six months in the Maginot Line, the Alpine fortifications, the Mareth Line, Algeria and Morocco. Private hardship aside, there is another and more important aspect. In the "peace of attrition" that the dictators are shrewdly waging, one of their trump hopes is that these recurring partial mobilisations will finish by exasperating the French into an "Oh, h——! We've had enough of this" state of mind, though I see no chance of it.

Yesterday I watched a batch of twenty-year-olds on their last day of civil life. Festooned and cockaded, flowers round some heads, they swayed, arms linked, and bawled in youthful, semi-pretended inebriation. As a fact, this lot was bawling *l'Internationale*. How often had one glanced at similar effervescences on the threshold of the great changeover to manhood, for they would never be the same again, "*après la caserne*." In the past, one had hardly even thought, "they will never be released by the military machine until they are on the verge of old age." Now, one reflected in addition, "*this* class, of 1939, the last to be pro-created in the world war, may be going clean into the carnage—that is what fortune may have reserved for this particular class!"

BUT to revert to some of those "facets" I instanced earlier on—the French High Command needs to be observed in dual capacity. As political soldiers of the State, and as its military executants in war, having presided over the army's organisation, equipment, and training in time of peace. I have no doubt General Gamelin and other leading soldiers would jib at the prefix "political," yet it is so; and as example of what is meant, I shall quote "Pertinax," André Giraud, because he has a reputation for being well-informed on General Staff matters.

BOMBERS FLYING OVER ARMOURED CARS during a monster display at Villacoublay. The mechanisation of the French army is being achieved with remarkable speed and already fourteen divisions of infantry have been motorised

IN PRAISE OF THE FRENCH ARMY

With Daladier Playing the Role of Carnot, the French Republic Has Built Up a Wonderfully Efficient Defence Force

"If another world war were to break out tomorrow, the French General Staff would automatically become, for all practical purposes, the true Government of France. . . . What use have General Gamelin, and General Georges, his right-hand man, made in recent years of the extensive powers that they have been given? At home and abroad, nobody challenges the professional ability of the French military leaders. But nowadays it is not enough that these should have a complete grasp of tactics and strategy and know how to use with maximum efficiency the weapons and the men placed at their disposal. Something more is required of them. They must be able to form an accurate mental picture of the balance of military forces all over the Continent, they must be sufficiently competent and well informed to evolve for themselves an understanding of the universal situation."

I am compressing, but forgiveness will come from "Pertinax," who goes on to tackle a rare slice of modern history.

The supreme Axis menace we are living through is the offspring of one day—March 7, 1936—when Hitler tip-toed into the barred Rhineland zone with 30,000 Wehrmacht who had orders to retreat at once if the French moved to throw them back. Hitler's most popularity-garnering gamble, and justly so, he did it all alone. While promising his generals that the move would stop short of anything calculated to bring on a war, the Führer had insisted that France would not resist. In fact, the reoccupation was basically a crucial test of French resistance more than anything else.

"It was General Gamelin and his predecessor General Weygand (whose advice the former had quickly enlisted) who instilled doubt into the mind of the Cabinet and pushed it to surrender. The Ministers held that three military classes, or 600,000 men, would be enough to reinforce the standing army for the operation in view. But Gamelin obstinately held out for a general mobilisation which would have dislocated economic life.

"In that instance, the generalissimo entirely misunderstood the true state of affairs beyond the Rhine. He failed to appreciate the weakness of his opponent—inside the Cabinet, War Minister Maurin was a source of active defeatism."

Were *some* of these soldiers trying to get rid of a Left Government, which might easily have been the sequel had an unjustified general mobilisation inflicted vast and unnecessary loss on the country? "Everything can arrive," as the French themselves say.

"Contrariwise, last summer, General Gamelin (labouring, perhaps, under the great error of 1936) did everything he could to induce MM. Daladier and Bonnet to carry out to the letter France's obligations to Czechoslovakia. He never made light of the consequences that would ensue because of France's inferior air force . . . nevertheless, he declared that in the long run the democratic powers would dictate the peace. . . . All through, General Gamelin had on his side all the members of the superior war council, save two. Had the French Ministers paid more heed to the advice that he gave them early in the summer, the disastrous Munich agreement could have been avoided."

Meanwhile, I think I have illustrated the tremendous importance of the French High Command in bloodless wartime.

Gamelin, Georges, Bourret, Bineau, Requin, Hering. Such are the names that, to begin with, would be household words, covering the shades of Joffre, de Castlenau, Sarrail, Foch, Galliéni, Franchet d'Espérey, of August, 1914. Would Weygand re-arise? At seventy-three, he is seven years older than Gamelin. Yet how these leading French soldiers do have a way of conserving themselves. The majority look in unusually active fifties, even Georges, who was almost shot to death while seated opposite the less lucky King Alexander. Two further names would be "tops" in France: Darlan of the Fleet, and Vuillemin of the Air. They had no counterparts a generation ago.

Edouard Daladier, who has just published a volume on his hero "of security," Vauban, who reduced fifty towns and fortified each right away, is the crown of this sixth French army in 300 years. He has been at the War Ministry seven years and for half of them has been chief of all defence. Daladier is the Carnot of to-day. *La défence nationale* is his love, not world diplomacy or speech-making. He, above any other, has summoned into its present state the army and only less so the navy and the air force. In which connection, names are apt to be too lightly bandied. Thus it is wrong to associate exclusively André Maginot with the historic fortress wall. This was conceived under Painlevé, who got the first credits. What Maginot did was to get the necessary credits to complete the original chunk of fortifications; nor was this work concluded until four years after Maginot's death. Daladier carried through those last four years of building "the Maginot Line," so christened, really, by Right publicists for purposes of political propaganda. However—

Gamelin is co-ordinating head of all three services. Georges would be field Commander-in-Chief. Bourret is head of the North African Army which might loom so largely. Bineau would come from retirement to command on the south-east, against Italy. Requin would preside over the Maginot Line, which he helped to build. ("Those who think it is merely a wall of shelter are under a delusion. It is planned to be a shock-absorber, and to cover our mobilisation"—Gamelin.) Hering would lead from the Vosges area, fronting the Siegfried Line.

Would the French army attack this—say, to relieve pressure on Poland? Would forces be exported to Rumania, Poland, the Near East? (And what of Spain!) One way of shaping up to such questions is to point out the handicap France labours under, of having so much of her national richness located near, if not on, her land frontiers. An invader would in his first advance swarm over two-thirds of France's coal, over her great Lorraine mineral field, as over her only petrol region, in Alsace; over her wheat and beet fields, her cotton and textile centres, her heavy industry and steel works; later would come her chemical, aircraft, and motor car (read tank and mechanised transport) industries concentrated on Paris.

In other words, the army has been trained essentially to be "protectively" minded. Its first duty must be to preserve the frontiers, for if they go, even a little, the nation loses its punch potential.

The army was being too rigidly developed until the early thirties. Now a marked evolution towards flexibility has progressed far.

Ten years ago the peace-time strength was fixed at 529,000 men, of whom 205,000 were allotted to North Africa and the colonies. The standing army has since been expanded to over 650,000 men, mainly by substituting three years of military service for two, although this is not a recognised condition. Total trained reserves approach the 5,000,000 mark, but despite copious material, a great deal left over from 1918, that number could not be effectively employed, or within a good deal of it.

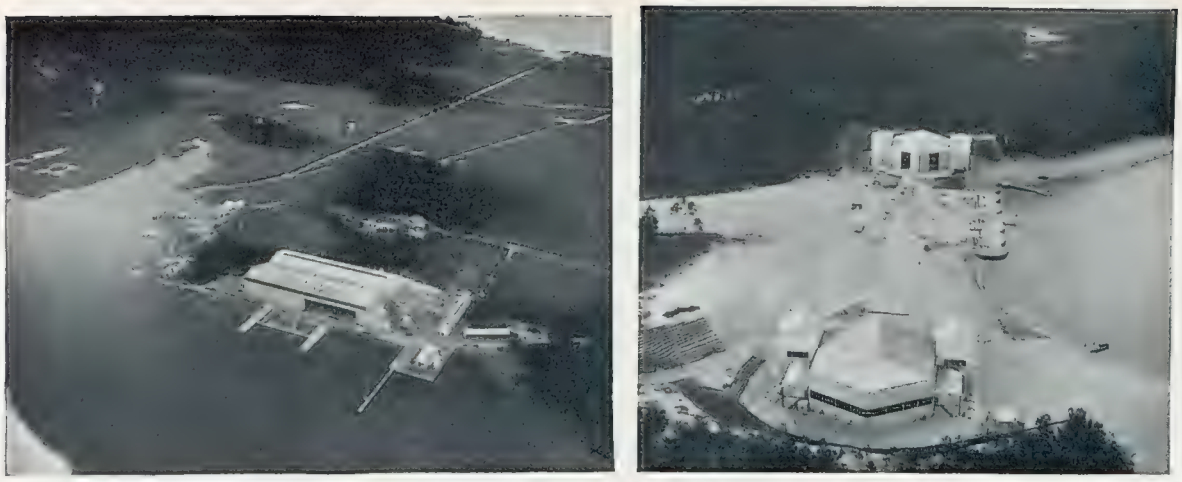
The great strength of the army lies in its officer corps and N.C.O. reservoir. Numbered in tens of thousands, on the active list and in the reserve, officers and N.C.O.s are continuously subjected to special training and stiff examinations. Sergeants vie in tactical and technical ability with subalterns, and many hundreds of the former qualify for commissions each year from the "N.C.O.'s St. Cyr" (or Sandhurst) at St. Maixent, Charente. General Bourret was such a one.

Specialising units afford another source of strength. Thus, "the Blue Devils," holding the Alpine passes, otherwise the Chasseurs

(*Continued on page* 424)

GUNNERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY: A unit in action during summer manœuvres, and *(below)* operating an anti-aircraft gun. The French are good marksmen, largely because the conscript receives such painstaking instruction in gun-laying

THE CONSCRIPT'S LOT: This French soldier was called to Vincennes fortress in order to accomplish his military service. Despite his youth, however, he has a wife and four children, so he took them along with him and explained to the colonel of his regiment that they would have nothing upon which to live while he was serving. This rare case was at once investigated and a loan was immediately paid to the soldier. Very few of the French conscripts have families, but even so the period of conscription involves considerable self-sacrifice on their part



A NEW TRANSATLANTIC TERMINUS: Two aerial impressions of the great hangars at Biscarosse, on the Etang de Biscarosse, a lake lying just over forty miles south-west of Bordeaux, where France is building a great flying base for ocean planes on the southerly Atlantic route. The *Yankee Clipper* has already landed more than once at Biscarosse

FRANCE COULD BY-PASS GIBRALTAR

The Possibilities of Developing the Midi Canal, the Link Between Bordeaux and Marseilles

ANYONE who buys an ordinary street guide to Marseilles will notice at the base of the plan some curious dotted lines. They look like a lithographic error, because they appear utterly out of proportion to the rest of the plan. There is no error, however, for these dotted lines indicate the enormous extensions of the new port. Work on these is steadily proceeding to-day in the Joliette Basin, which, constructed in 1844 and considered a gigantic enterprise, was then thought to be large enough for all time. But since 1844 greater Marseilles has quadrupled the number of its inhabitants, the quantity of its industrial and commercial concerns, and the bulk of its maritime transports.

The extremity of the Joliette Basin extensions includes a particularly massive sea-wall, which, according to the scale of the above-mentioned plan, juts out into the Mediterranean Sea a distance equal to that between Oxford Circus and Marble Arch; and this fact makes one wonder to what end this colossal undertaking is being made. To those who have but an elementary knowledge of the waterways of southern France, and who know of the Rove Underground Canal, and who know of a few lines scribbled in the left-hand corner of the plan, accompanied by the words "Canal Marseille-Rhône" there rests no doubt. The *new* new port of Marseilles will one day be the terminus of a huge waterway, already existing but frequently ignored, which cuts right across the south of France from Bordeaux to that which is already the largest port on the Mediterranean Sea.

This is generally known; the most elementary books of French geography, as also most if not all the published maps, plans and touring guides, show this waterway—as clearly as they show the perhaps better-known north-to-south system, the Rhône canals, linking Strasbourg with Arles—but it is only comparatively recently that its extreme importance has been "officially recognised," which is a vague phrase tactfully employed. In detail, or sections, this waterway runs from Bordeaux to Toulouse (Canal Lateral de la Garonne), from Toulouse to Sète (Canal du Midi), from Sète to Tarascon and the Rhône (Canal du Rhône), from Arles to the Etang de Berre (Canal Arles—Port de Bouc-Martigues) then through the Rove Underground Canal, and straight into the port of Marseilles—right into the heart of newest and greatest extensions. As this waterway runs exclusively through the Midi, the name generally employed to designate the whole system is "Canal du Midi."

To those thousands of maritime and fluvial transport workers—the latter known here as *marins d'eau douce* (soft-water sailors)—the Canal du Midi is, or will be, of tremendous importance in a few years. The canal is in perfect order; but for reasons which the reader may probably appreciate after a moment's reflection, it has recently, and within a very short time, become too narrow and shallow! As it is, some pretty hefty boats can pass; but a time might come when heftier, highly specialised, and swifter craft might pass, with very great advantage, from the Atlantic Ocean and the Channel to the Mediterranean Sea without having to go all round Spain and Portugal and through the Straits of Gibraltar. Think of it—ships across France—on a guarded waterway which, probably before many years have passed, will have been brought to a degree of perfection equal to that of the Manchester Ship Canal.

Napoleon III, of whom many unnecessarily harsh things have been said, although a poor ruler and nothing of a diplomatist, was a man of great vision and foresight where the internal industrial and commercial needs of France were concerned. He was perfectly acquainted with transport systems, and though knowing that at least in his day it was a "losing game" to attempt to maintain canal transport in the face of the ever-growing railway system, wished, at any rate, to save two great waterways from falling entirely out of use.

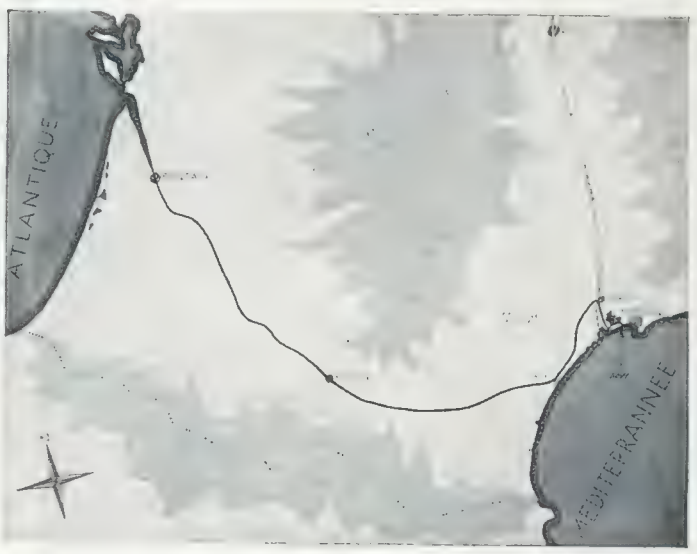
These were the Canal du Midi and the Canal du Rhône au Rhin; the former linking (however imperfectly in those days) Bordeaux with Marseilles, the latter Strasbourg with Marseilles, the two joining at Tarascon, before passing on by the Arles canal to sea at Port-du-Bouc—for at that time the Rove Underground Canal from the Etang de Berre to Marseilles was probably not even thought of. Detractors of Napoleon III used to say by way of mockery that some of his ideas were inspired by Jules Verne—which mockery displayed a vast ignorance of the importance of imagination.

The truth is that Napoleon III was a great admirer of De Lesseps and his genius in creating the Suez Canal, and to utilise this genius on French soil is said to have been one of his secret ambitions. And what is curious, the far-seeing Disraeli, to whom the desires and intentions of Napoleon III did not long remain secret, is said to have dreamed that the route to India might be still further shortened if it crossed the south of France.

It must not be forgotten that the Baron Haussmann whose so-called "wild schemes" of boulevards, avenues, and squares have made Paris the wonderful city that it is to-day, and Violet-le-Duc, who restored Notre Dame, Vézelay, and Carcassonne, were at that period in the height of their activities, and what they were in the way of achieving helped to fan the flame of Napoleon's ambition for a greater and grander France. However, railway systems and transport were introduced into France almost a quarter of a century before Napoleon III came to the throne, and though from 1852 to 1860 he held absolute power, he could do nothing whatever to prevent the decline of canals, and that despite the fact that even in the year 1852 the Rhône and its canals carried 600,000 tons.

So French canals fell into disuse until somewhere about the middle of the last century, when efforts were made to restore that which was then in danger of falling into complete uselessness. Certain artificial lakes were formed by damming highland valleys (the famous Lac des Settons is an excellent example) and new sluices were made, for many of the canals had become stagnant, and some were "cracking," so to speak, from lack of water supply. Very gradually canal transport revived, and to-day there is a certain regular, if limited, traffic.

Throughout France, coal, wood, wine, corn, cement, and general building materials, also petrol, oil, motor spirit, and many other highly inflammable things are frequently transported by canal. The massive metal tank-boats which pass along the Canal du Midi are certainly as hefty as certain other craft, which craft could well be passed in time of need were the canal but "reconditioned," as it will be.



BORDEAUX TO MARSEILLES BY CANAL: A diagram showing the line of the Canal du Midi, which is 460 miles long and links the two great ports. It obviously has strategic values as a connecting link between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, providing a useful short cut from ocean to sea, by-passing the Straits of Gibraltar. After reaching Sète the waterway goes north-east to avoid the Camargue salt marshes and the Rhône delta. It then doubles south into the Etang de Berre at Martigues and from this lake, by the Rove Underground Canal, goes straight into Marseilles

A PORT WITH A GREAT FUTURE: An artist's impression of the town of Martigues, which stands at the entrance to the Etang de Berre where that semi-lake is linked with the Mediterranean. It was once a quaint fishing village, much frequented by Corot and other artists, but now it is fast losing its character by reason of the erection of aviation pylons, swing bridges, travelling cranes, naval service depots, and other modern contrivances. New docks are also being built. In the distance across the lake are Berre and Vitrolles

Looked at from the Bordeaux end alone, one might be tempted to think that there was more fantasy than fact in the scheme; but considered carefully from the Marseilles end—studying the enormous port extensions, capacity of the Rove Underground Canal, and the immensity of the Etang de Berre—one realises that "ships across France" is an eminently practical scheme which has well passed the Jules Verne stage, so to speak.

We now come to consider the Etang de Berre, which will one day be incorporated in the Port of Marseilles scheme, and, for naval purposes, completely supersede the Port of Toulon. The Etang de Berre is a salt-water lake, capable of housing the whole French fleet, from which lake there is but one inlet and outlet, at Martiques. Forty-five miles in circumference, and partially protected by mountains, it is France's grandest natural harbour and one of the largest in the world. Its development has been foreseen for more than a century, but only within recent years has it been brought under military and naval observation, and finally control.

To-day, around its entire coastline are civil, military and naval aerodromes (including the well-known Marignane airport), military and naval depots and construction works. One may rightly conclude that the Etang de Berre, destined to become France's very greatest port and naval centre, is the link between the Canal du Midi—which will bring ships across France—and the great new port of

(*Continued on page* 424)

A QUESTION OF BALANCE: A handsome young woman of Shikinejima carrying her children by means of a balancing pole and baskets—a form of transport widely used on this remote and lovely island off the east coast of Japan. Shikinejima is nine hours journey from Tokyo and is gradually becoming known among the Japanese as an ideal resort in which to spend a quiet holiday away from the bustle of the great westernised cities of the mainland. The island can be found on maps in the region of Oshima

BATHING GIRLS OF SHIKINEJIMA

SHIKINEJIMA ABOUNDS IN HOT SPRINGS which gush out from the rocks along its coast, and the women of the island delight to bathe in these waters, making a charming picture as they stand up to their shoulders in the depths, their heads adorned with striped bandeaux that hold their hair in place. *Left*—After the dip in the health-giving waters one of the girls combs out her long black tresses

Mixed Doubles—

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

SUMMER SPORT...

HELEN II TRAINS WITH BIG BILL: Miss Jacobs and Tilden pictured at the Melbury Club, Kensington, where the latter is coaching the former in preparation for her Wimbledon bid. Tilden retains all of his old fire, despite his forty-six years, and only a few days ago he beat Vines

THE MASTER: As an amateur Donald Budge dominated Wimbledon, standing head and shoulders above every player he met, and now as a professional he remains equally unconquerable. When he recently toured with Vines and Perry in America they were quite unable to cope with his lightning pace

ENTR'ACTE: Paddling in the pool during an interval in rehearsals at the Open Air Theatre, which is just beginning its season at Regent's Park. The first play in the programme is *Much Ado About Nothing*, which has never been presented there before

BOOTED AND SPURRED FOR THE FRAY: Miss S. Rolt and Miss V. Bullock are the only two women playing members of the mid-Cheshire Polo Club. Women are taking up the game more and more in this country and most of the clubs have dropped their objection to them playing in the same teams as men. At one time the official attitude on the matter was rather hard and fast

HEAT WAVE POSE: Miss Mathias takes a rest after playing one of her matches in the Surrey Grass Courts Championship. Miss Macpherson Grant beat her in the second round of the singles after she had had a walk-over in the first round

WITH "DISCOVERY II" IN ANTARCTIC WATERS

Pictures Taken during the Royal Research Ship's Latest Expedition in the South

AT WORK ON AN ICE-BOUND DECK IN SOUTHERN SEAS: Members of the crew of the Royal research ship *Discovery II* engaged in towing operations during the vessel's recent visit to the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic where many months were spent in making observations. Towing operations were a regular feature of routine aboard the ship; these consisting of a special series of nets being towed astern three times a day with the object of obtaining information as to the movements of water-masses, the distribution of the various nutrient salts, and the nature of the small animal life of the sea. These facts, when collated, provide data for the study of the habits of whales which was the main purpose of the voyage. *Discovery II* has just returned to London

A MORAINIC GLACIER

A lesser berg, with rocky material adhering to it, pictured from the Royal research ship *Discovery II* in the vicinity of Brunet Island during the recent cruise in Antarctic waters. In the course of the voyage *Discovery II* covered about 100,000 miles and her commander reported on return to London that the trip had been most successful. At one stage, however, a severe blizzard was encountered and for some hours magnetic compasses were rendered entirely useless

TAKEN AT 70 DEG. S. 4 DEG. E.: A remarkable picture showing the formation of ice crystals as the sea was actually freezing off the Great Ice Barrier and in the background a giant iceberg. It is only one of many fine camera records of the Antarctic brought back by the Royal research ship *Discovery II* from her twenty months' cruise in southern waters—the fifth commission of the kind that the vessel has undertaken. *Discovery II* was commanded by Lieut. L. C. Hill, R.N.R., and on board was a staff of five scientists. The actual circumpolar cruise occupied six months, and during that time the ship steered a zig-zag course in order to take the fullest observations

A view from *Discovery II* looking towards Buckle Island in the Balleny Group. The Balleny's, which are situated in about longitude 163 deg. E., were discovered in 1839 by Captain Balleny, of the London shipping firm of Enderby. Buckle Island is said to have an active volcano. The Balleny Group was seen by Scott on one of his expeditions and he succeeded in clearing up the mystery that had previously surrounded it

IN THE BALLENY GROUP

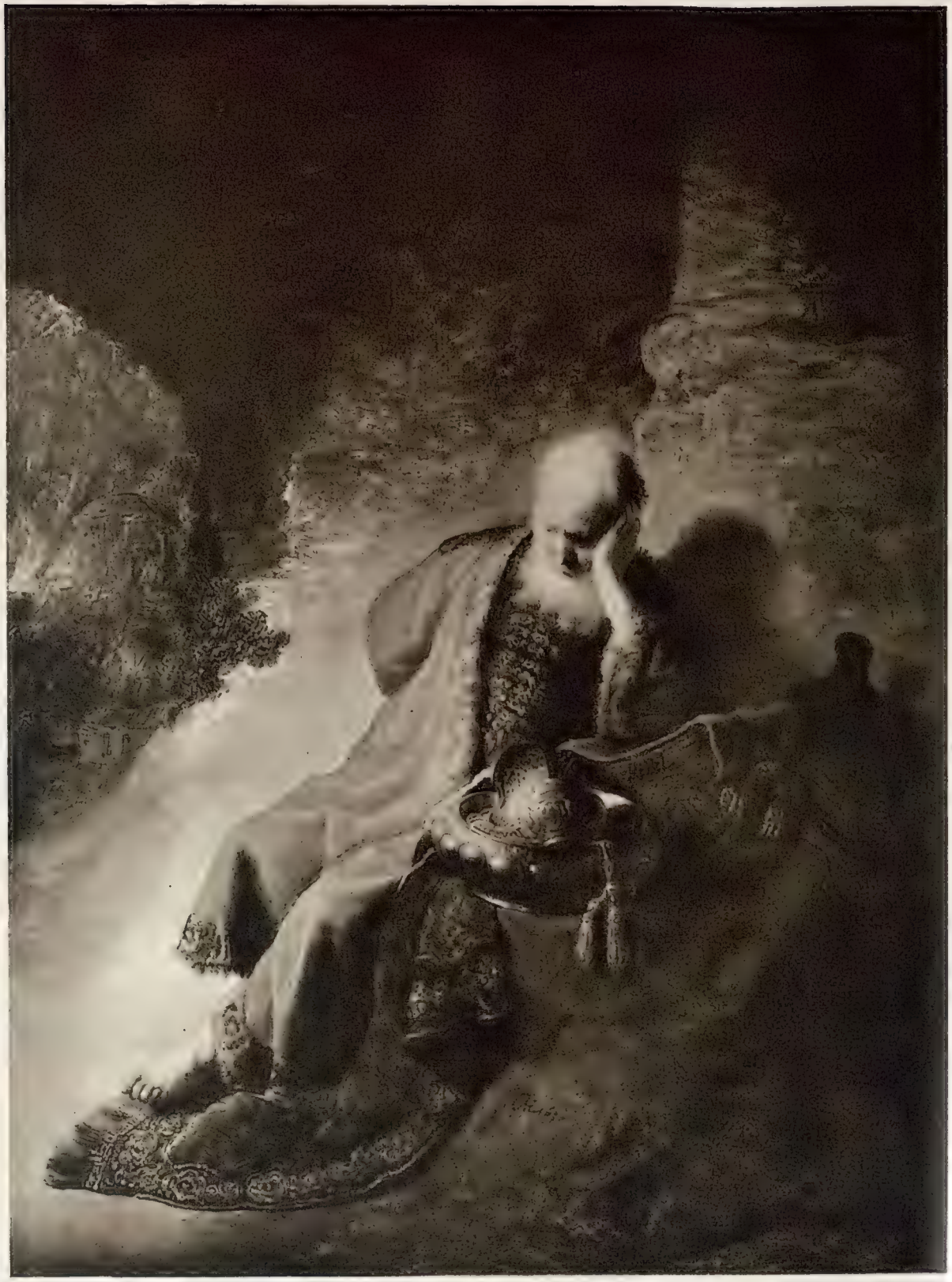
ENRICHING HOLLAND'S TREASURY of ART

Some Notable New Acquisitions at the Rijksmuseum: Rembrandt's Picture, 'Jeremiah'

THE year 1939 has already seen some remarkable acquisitions to public art collections in Holland. The most important is Rembrandt's "Jeremiah," acquired by the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, and the most recent is an unusual "Portrait of a Child," by Albert Cuyp, which is now being exhibited at the Mauritshuis in The Hague and attracting much attention.

The "Jeremiah" is one of the finest, if not the finest, examples of Rembrandt's early work. It is dated 1630, and was done at Leiden one year earlier than the famous portrait of his mother, which also hangs in the Rijksmuseum.

Rembrandt's Jeremiah exhibits, with characteristic intensity, the sorrowing despair of the prophet as he ponders the destruction of Jerusalem. He is seated on a stone over which has been flung a richly-designed carpet, and rests his left arm upon a copy of the Bible. The glare from the burning temple lights up the entrance to the prophet's lair, and throws a warm, golden glow upon the right side of Jeremiah's face, with its high, wrinkled forehead and delicate nose. The right arm of the seated figure is held behind the back, and the curiously realistic left foot, which is bare, emerges from an embroidered robe into the glow of the burning city. It is all most effective, and it is little wonder that Dutch art lovers are flocking to see this fine picture.



JEREMIAH CONTEMPLATING THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM: This fine, early work by Rembrandt was recently acquired from a Scandinavian collection, and is one of a number of notable additions to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. The picture, which is dated 1630, is regarded by experts as among the best of the artist's works during his Leiden period

The scene of the destruction of Jerusalem has only recently been revealed as a result of careful cleaning. The picture comes from a Scandinavian collection, and was exhibited at Burlington House during the Dutch art season. It came into the possession of the Rijksmuseum early this year, and hangs in the same room as the Leiden portrait of Rembrandt's mother.

Two other notable Rijksmuseum acquisitions are a "View of Lausanne," by Matthew Maris, and a lovely wooden statue of St. Agnes, the property of the Royal Antiquities Society, whose more important possessions are preserved at the Rijksmuseum. This represents a comparatively rare branch of Dutch art, and indicates how much was lost by the zeal of religious reformers, who not only destroyed much of what then existed in the churches of Holland, but gave to the art of sculpture a blow from which it has never recovered.

ST. AGNES: This beautiful example of Dutch sixteenth-century sculpture has recently come into the possession of the Royal Dutch Antiquities Society, and is now being exhibited in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

The statue of St. Agnes is a masterpiece of its period, and although its attribution is given only as "Utrecht School, 16th Century," the Director of the Museum tells me that its author was almost certainly Jacob van der Borgh (d. 1576), the architect of Utrecht's famous cathedral, to whom also is attributed the exquisite group, in wood, known as the Singing Angels.

R. E.

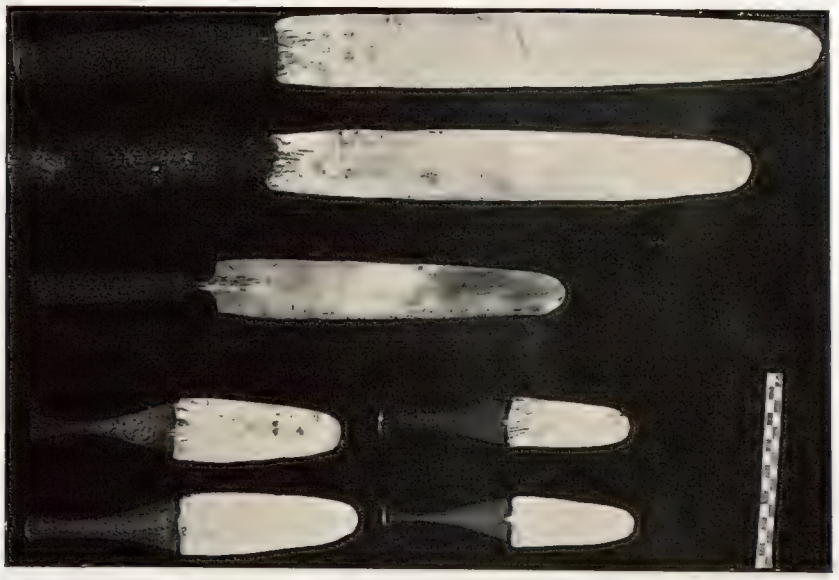
"LAUSANNE" (a detail), BY MATTHEW MARIS: An important addition to the famous collection at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum where many new acquisitions have lately been made

LIGHT on EGYPT'S FIRST DYNASTY

Implements and Domestic Utensils Found at Sakkara

An important contribution to our knowledge of the obscure First Dynasty, which dates back to the dawn of recorded Egyptian history, is provided by the discovery by Mr. Walter Emery, the British archæologist, of a huge tomb at Sakkara, in the Nile Valley. With a superstructure and seven subterranean chambers, the newly-found tomb is believed to be that of Zer, the king who succeeded Menes. In one of the chambers, under partly consumed fragments of wooden beds and chairs, were large wicker boxes containing a remarkable collection of red copper weapons, tools and utensils. Some of the knives, swords, and saws remain just as they were when made 5,000 years ago

THE REMAINS OF A WOODEN BED found in the tomb which has just been brought to light at Sakkara, in the Nile Valley, by Mr. Walter Emery, the British archæologist. The legs are shaped like the legs of a bull. Some of the pieces, it will be seen, have been charred as a consequence of a fire



COPPER HOES WITH WOODEN HANDLES: Two of the many remarkable implements discovered by Mr. Emery in the tomb chambers at Sakkara where he has recently been carrying out his investigations with such success. *On right*—A wonderfully preserved set of wooden-handled knives

DOMESTIC UTENSILS OF OVER 5,000 YEARS AGO: *Above*—Copper bodkins and needles, and *(on right)* copper jars, plates and bowls, all found in the tomb chambers at Sakkara, where Mr. Emery has achieved such a successful season's work. Sakkara, which lies 40 miles south of Cairo, contains sepulchral monuments relating to nearly every period of Egyptian history, and the necropolis has been repeatedly explored by the Byzantines and the Caliphs as well as by a number of modern archæologists. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that the place, after such a combing, should have yielded up these further treasures

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' reputation for quality

SUMMER COMES

A carpet of golden buttercups lends a new beauty to this meadow near Southfleet, Kent

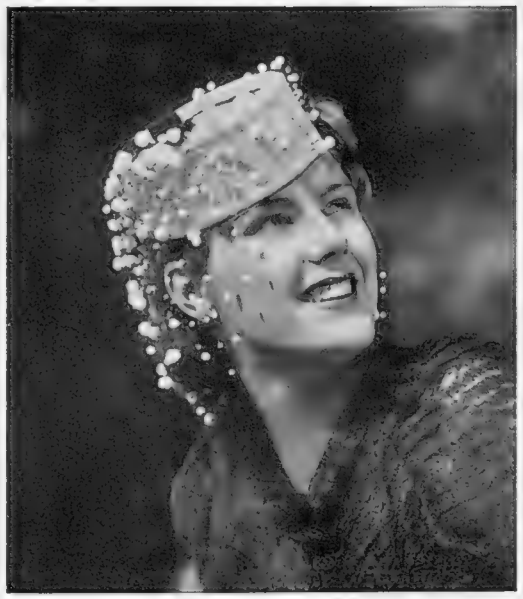
Pictures by John Topham

IN LEAFY KENT

Only two days old; a young colt with its mother enjoys the pleasure of fresh pastures

SUMMER IN LONDON

YELLOW AND BLACK, the smartest colour combination for town suits. Burberry's have pleated this slender skirt across the front and have meticulously tailored the pale yellow duvetyn jacket, with its new, very low front fastening



VEILED PILL-BOX in white gros-grain, accented with navy blue ribbons and veiled exuberantly in blue with graduated white chenille spots. Caught at the back so that it hangs in streamers, it comes from Gorringes

SUMMER DAYS in town call for a dress that is cool and discreet. Here is a lace frock in navy blue, the bodice closely frilled and the skirt flatly pleated. This too comes from Gorringes, and a bunch of anemones is tucked into the patent-leather belt

ANDALUSIAN GIPSY.—Gay with the brightness of massed flowers, softly feminine with the delicate enchantment of ruched and ruffled tulle, here is the dress that is the big success of the summer season. Debenham and Freebody have it in midnight blue net with a strapless taffeta slip, a riotously coloured taffeta skirt, and a chiffon kerchief bordered in many shades

GARDEN PARTY ELEGANCE.—For Ascot, for a wedding, or for informal dining, this frock is perfect. Made in cornflower blue crepe splashed with chalky white flowers, all the fullness is drawn to the back, and the draped sleeves are appliquéd with the blooms. It is worn with a cornflower toque, and it comes from Debenham and Freebody

DERBY WEEK ECHOES

ROYALTY AT BLUE PETER'S DERBY: The Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester enjoying the sunshine in the paddock at Epsom before last week's big race. The Princess Royal is quite the keenest of all Royal racegoers and is frequently to be seen at many of the northern meetings near her home. Queen Mary did not attend on account of her motor accident

Below—THE DERBY BALL: The Duke and Duchess of Kent arriving for the function at Grosvenor House. It was held in aid of the funds of the Royal Northern Hospital

EPSOM FASHION NOTES: A peaked hat and a handkerchief headgear—two styles caught by the camera on Derby day. Brilliant weather allowed women more freedom of choice regarding what to wear than is usual at the meeting

A WEIGHT ON HER SHOULDERS: Miss Cleather, assistant secretary to the All England Club, who, owing to the illness of Major Larcombe, is organising the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon. *On right*—Miss Daphne Henderson with her former nannie who saw her make her debut at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball

THE PENNY DROPS! Sophie Kelly (Billy Ryan) urges the rather diffident Professor (Richard Goolden) to be more courageous in pursuing his affair of the heart. An episode from *Grouse in June*, the light comedy which has been well received at the Criterion. Miss Ryan is quite a newcomer to the London stage and puts up a first-rate performance

A SCREEN STAR'S WEST END DEBUT: Francoise has taken a job in her husband's house but finds there are dangers for those who hide their identity and that keeping at bay a young butler is in itself a whole-time job. Luise Rainer and Jack Lambert in *Behold the Bride* which was presented last week at the Shaftesbury

A CHANGE FOR OLIVER HARDY: Here he is with June Lang in *Elephants Never Forget*—a straight film which gives him a chance to show what he can do outside the realm of slapstick. The picture was presented last week at the London Pavilion, the proceeds from the charity première going to the London Invalid Kitchens Fund

PIONEER DAYS IN AMERICA'S FAR WEST are vividly presented in *Stagecoach*, a new Walter Wanger film. On the stagecoach from Tonto to Lordsburg ride five passengers: Mrs. Mallory, who is en route to join her army officer husband at his frontier post; the pious-looking Mr. Peacock, who despite his ministerial appearance is a traveller in whisky; Dr. Boone, a devotee of the bottle; Hatfield, a professional gambler; and Dallas, whom the ladies of the Tonto Law and Order League had forced to leave town. The adventures of these five provide thrilling screen fare and the attack by the Indians is really magnificently presented

By PHILIP PAGE

THE distance between Charles Dickens and a film star is as far as "from here to Mesopotamy." Yet Miss Luise Rainer at the Shaftesbury Theatre première of *Behold the Bride* reminded me of that sincere and energetic actor, Mr. Vincent Crummles, who, it will be remembered, "died *at* the London manager." There were one or two rival London managers present; Miss Rainer did not die at them, for the story of the play did not demand it. Yet what she did do on the stage—and there was precious little that she did not do—she hurled over the footlights at the audience with a feverish determination I have never before seen equalled. Which, boiled down, means that she grossly overacted.

Last week while on my favourite topic of condemning stage listlessness and inaudibility, I commended the sonorous activity of the Yiddish players at the Garrick and applauded their "ham" acting—i.e. the art of going all out in the good (or, as some would have it, the bad) old-fashioned style. But even in "ham" acting—of the impending charge of having contradicted myself I am fully aware—there must be some moderation. Miss Rainer gave us not only ham but rich sausages, gammon rasher (quite a lot of gammon) and, indeed, the whole contents of the pork-butcher's shop.

By an actress of taste, as opposed to the matter of plentiful intelligence, sound technical equipment, overwhelming personality and the confidence of the devil, such cavortings as Miss Rainer showed us would never have been contemplated in any circumstances. The question of justification or excuse would not therefore arise. In the present case, however, several facts may be put forward by way of palliation. The films, in the first place, are hardly an ideal school for matters of taste; moreover, one of the tricks of film-acting necessarily being reticence, any actress removed to a different medium for the time being may conceivably, though wrongly, consider that a bit of exuberance may not only be a welcome relief to herself but may actually be demanded by the exigencies of that medium.

Secondly, this play, *Behold the Bride*, is such a lamentably poor one that Miss Rainer may well have thought that it was up to her to put down every card she held with an emphatic thump in an endeavour to turn it into an entertainment of a sort. To some extent she was justified; for if her consistent overplaying made the evening an exasperating one it would have been intolerably tedious without those antics, even though it would have been

On Stage and Screen

LUISE RAINER CAVORTS IN A NEW FARCE

But Ecstatic Admirers Give Her a Rousing Welcome at the Shaftesbury Theatre: A Few Oases of Delight in a Desert of Boisterousness

better for her reputation had they been omitted. So it may have been a case of self-sacrifice after all, though, somehow, I doubt this.

Probably the main inducement to be noisy and restless was the noisy and restless and altogether hysterical behaviour of her unthinking admirers, for such qualities are catching. These folk made that evening what I believe is known as "memorable" by their behaviour both outside and inside the theatre. They were not the regular theatre-goers at all but a section of the witless myriads who hang for a whole day or night around the hotel where a film star is staying and cause riots at railway stations. Such behaviour is not a criminal matter but it might well be made a certifiable one were it not for the fact that existing accommodation in mental homes and lunatic asylums is limited.

If Miss Rainer is deliberately broadening her style to suit this section of her public she would be better advised to keep her breath to cool her porridge. They would be just as adulatory if she lay in bed and read the telephone directory to them.

The situation would not have been worth the above analysis—the play is worth no analysis at all—were Miss Rainer a poor actress. She is certainly not that. She is obviously vastly efficient and very probably a great deal more. Which makes the position increasingly tantalising. I am looking forward to seeing her in a piece in which she will show her true qualities instead of playing the fool—and overplaying the fool at that. I doubt whether this can happen for a long time since her name alone is likely to fill the Shaftesbury indefinitely. For of such is the kingdom of Hollywood.

The performances of the other members of the cast were welcome if only for the fact that they did not rush about the stage and fall through doors and jump and shout and squeak. But they deserve something more than praise so dully negative. Miss Jeanne de Casalis's poise and quiet humour as a worried mother and Mr. Evelyn Roberts's assumed stupidity as her still more worried husband (with a tense and suicidal moment very well done indeed) were oases of delight in a desert of boisterousness. Miss Jacqueline Squire played a couple of scenes charmingly. Charming, too, was Miss Hazel Terry as a golden-haired beauty who, in the play, got herself engaged to a man called Irving. Odd to hear a Miss Terry muttering "O Irving, Irving!" . . . More spacious days, methinks.

"Sixth Floor."—In Victorian times there was a successful farce entitled *High Life Below Stairs*. Mr. Rodney Ackland's adaptation from a French play, produced last week at the St. James's, should be called more aptly "Low Life Above Stairs." *Sixth Floor*, however, is a shorter label and if the play were shorter it would be improved. It takes nine scenes to tell how, in a cheap apartment-house in Paris, inhabited by a lot of rather shabby people, a young composer makes love to a pretty cripple and leaves her when she is in the lurch—that is to say, in the condition quaintly known as "interesting." She is saved by marrying a dull and (in the American sense) dumb friend—so dumb that he would qualify for the job of president of Our Dumb Friends' League. He had worshipped her for years and she did not love him in the least, and the curtain finally fell on all the occupants of the house setting forth in procession to attend the wedding ceremony. It looked like being a completely unhappy marriage.

Nowadays when a play is on the drab side, with everyone talking too much and doing too little, it is the fashion to call it Tchekovian. That is wrong, and also bad luck on Tchekov, who created people who seemed singularly alive and made them do, if not very much, at least things of deep significance. The author of this play, M. Gehri (for one can hardly blame Mr. Ackland, who seems to have done his job more than adequately), has, on the other hand, merely dug up a set of theatrical puppets and what they do is not even theatrically effective. They include such old friends as the frail cripple girl and her adoring white-haired father; these are very old friends indeed whom we have known at least since Little Nell and her grandfather, and I don't suppose even Charles Dickens was first in the field.

Also we have the impecunious artist always on the cadge; a *demi-mondaine* or two who are really quite kind and human ("for in that frail, sinning body there beats a heart of gold"); the plump landlady who liked to be paid her rent but whose bark is worse than her bite; and so on right through the programme. The only person who was not a "type" was the blondish visitor from the fashionable world who liked to go and sit in the room where she had once had a love affair. I could not get to know much about her except that the part was played very gracefully by Miss Jeanne Stuart, who wore the only smart clothes in the piece with an air of distinction.

The stage setting was picturesque to look upon, and that was just as well, since we had to look upon it for the whole evening without a change of view, except for such varied views as

(*Continued on page 424*)

FRANCIS LEDERER AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT are together in Paramount's *Midnight* (Plaza). Mr. Lederer only plays a supporting part and it is really rather surprising that he has not made more progress in Hollywood during the seven years he has been under contract. London, remembering his quite remarkable success in *Autumn Crocus*, would like to see him back on the stage again

POISON PEN STUFF: Madame Maret (Barbara Gott) demands to know the identity of the writer of an anonymous letter—a scene from *Sixth Floor* at the St. James's Theatre. Edgar K. Bruce plays the part of her husband, while Harold Scott and Joyce Barbour (right) are the penniless couple who add excitement to residence on the "Sixth Floor"

GERMAINE REGISTERS DISGUST as Colette seeks to make amends for her anonymous letter-writing by presenting "Jo Jo" with a baby's garment as a wedding present. Joyce Barbour (centre), Nadine March, and John Robinson in another moment from *Sixth Floor* at the St. James's. The play is translated from the French

On left—
CHARMING JEAN PARKER who has a leading part in the Hal Roach production *Elephants Never Forget* (London Pavilion)

Shows to See

Humour: *Grouse in June* at the Criterion.

Spectacle: *The Dancing Years* at Drury Lane, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello.

Tragedy: *Of Mice and Men* at the Apollo, with Claire Luce.

Thrills: *They Walk Alone* at the Comedy, with Beatrix Lehmann.

Half Price: *Gas Light* at the Savoy; *When We Are Married* at the Princes.

CANALS TO THE RESCUE

The Vital National Service They Could Perform in the Event of Emergency

IN time of war the hares of road and rail might be handicapped, if not paralysed. But what about the tortoise, the canal barges? They would carry on because even if it were easy to lose your way in the canals, which it is not, the bargees know every yard of them in the darkest night.

But of what earthly use would they be, the ignorant may ask? They would be a very useful ally, carrying vital munitions to the ports and food to all parts of the country, is the answer.

Last year, which was not a peak year, barges carried over 12,000,000 tons of heavy goods to all parts of England and Wales, and at the moment they are so busy carrying iron, steel, and coal that there is a definite shortage of steerers (or steersmen).

At any rate the Government is alive to the possibilities in the canal system, and to the one danger: flooding through bomb damage. But locks are so frequent that this danger is not great. There is, however, the very long, vulnerable stretch, the Long Level, on the Grand Union Canal, running for 27½ miles through London and Middlesex without a lock. This was the section the I.R.A. terrorists tried to blow a hole into with a bomb; severe flooding might have ensued. But sluice-gates are now being fitted at intervals, so that in the event of war any section can be isolated quickly.

Actually there are in England and Wales 2,475 miles of inland waterways, and this Cinderella of transport should really be bigger, for canals were being built long before the railways and blossomed out during the canal era—at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries.

Later the railways became jealous. They bought up the land alongside the canals, and paid high prices for some canals themselves, in order to let them run to ruin and no longer be a competitor. Even nowadays the railways still own many miles of canal in daily use, some thirty canals to be accurate, while about twenty-two belong to private companies.

The first canal ever built in England was the Bridgewater Canal from Worsley to Manchester, opened in 1761. This proved a great success and inaugurated the fifty-year canal era. Companies were formed to dig canals all over the country, for, as I have pointed out, there were no railways. In fact, it was nearly seventy years later, in 1830, that the Liverpool–Manchester Railway was opened.

But within eighteen years, by the end of 1847, the railways had got control of 948 miles of waterways, which put an end to any hope of a homogeneous system of transport working towards the common good. There has never been any unified system. From what I can make out, the situation was similar to that more recently existing between the railways and road transport.

Locks had been known to the Venetians as early as 1481 and the first had been built in England near Exeter somewhere in the seventeenth century on a waterway which ran from Exeter to Topsham.

WHERE A CANAL GOES UNDERGROUND: A barge ready to enter the 1¾-mile long Harecastle Tunnel built in 1827 by Telford on the Trent and Mersey Canal. It is 16 ft. high, 14 ft. wide, and has a towpath and also electric haulage equipment. An earlier tunnel was made by Brindley in 1766. As it had no towpath the barges had to be propelled by men, known as "leggers," who lay on their backs and pushed their feet against the walls

THROUGH THE SYLVAN SETTING OF REGENT'S PARK: A picturesque reach of the Regent's Canal which runs from London's docks by way of Stepney, Mile End, Islington, King's Cross, and Paddington, eventually linking up with the Grand Junction Canal

The engineers of the canal era must have known a thing or two. Recently £1,000,000 was spent by the Grand Union Canal Company, owning 300 miles of waterways, on improving a bottle-neck stretch of canal in Warwickshire so that there would be a broad open canal to serve the Midlands. All the locks were widened to allow of two barges side by side. But with all the improvement in engineering tackle and knowledge in the last century and a half it was not easy to better the original locks. In one stretch there were fifty-two locks well over a century old. It was found possible to do away with only one of these.

Until comparatively recently, haulage was done by donkeys, horses, or sometimes by both sexes of the bargee's family. With horses which nowadays work mostly on short journeys, the speed of a narrow, loaded barge would be 2 m.p.h., or 3 m.p.h. empty; or for two barges loaded 1½ m.p.h. and empty 2½ m.p.h.

Up to the last ten years a trip to Birmingham, about 110 miles from London, with 156 locks to go through, might have taken a leisurely man ten days. Now, with powerful searchlights on the bows, a motor barge with a "dumb" barge, as it is called (that is a barge on tow), will do the journey in under fifty hours.

I can find no record of the speed of the 200-ton barges which used to ply on the Thames in the upper reaches as described in 1856. But they were hauled "against the stream by a team of twelve or fourteen horses, or between sixty and eighty men; these men were usually of the worst possible character and a terror to the whole neighbourhood of the river." Perhaps it was these men who handed down to bargees their totally undeserved bad reputation, of which I shall have more to say later.

I once thoroughly enjoyed a holiday travelling in a small outboard motor boat from Blackfriars Bridge to Northampton, and I can thoroughly recommend the change to anyone who likes the open air, is not afraid of hard work, and wishes to see our England from an entirely new angle.

The dues are not heavy, progress is leisurely, or should be, and you view England from the back-door—the backs of factories, the backs of shops, the backs of gardens and the backs of fields and estates, which can never be viewed from a road. And you pass through some of the most glorious, unspoiled scenery and countryside.

But I mentioned that you must not be afraid of work. The work comes through the opening and closing of locks. We set out gaily, expecting, in our ignorance, a lock-keeper everywhere. For half a crown we later purchased a lock key from a friendly bargee. It was thick with rust. By the end of the journey our hands had made it as bright as silver.

Opening and closing the stiff sluices (and it is twice as much work if there is someone in front of you going the same way and leaving the locks against you all the time) calls for effort.

(*Continued on page* 416)

On right—
A PORT IN THE HEART OF ENGLAND: Unloading barges at a Birmingham quay after their long voyage from London docks

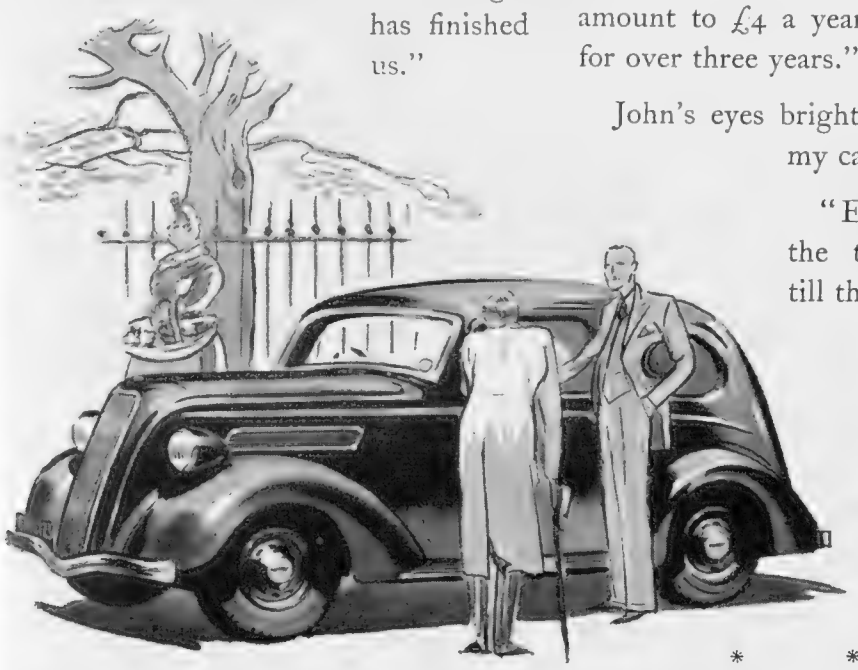
Every budget has a silver lining

"IT'S a knock-out blow, I tell you. It's not fair. It's the last straw."

John crushed his cigarette stub despondently.

"You mean you've decided not to buy a car after all?"

"That's what I mean. The Budget has finished us."



"Have another cigarette," I said kindly. "Have some more coffee . . . . What kind of car have you decided not to buy, John? Seems a pity! You had a motoring holiday all fixed, hadn't you? How much are you not going to spend on the car?"

He told me. I took a piece of paper out of my pocket.

* * *

"Look here, John. Why don't you think of it this way? Suppose you didn't buy that car. Suppose you bought a Ford 'Eight' instead. Now, the Ford 'Eight' is a British car that sells at £13 less than *any* other 'eight' saloon on the market. It puts you £13 in pocket from the start. The increase of tax on a Ford 'Eight' will amount to £4 a year, so you're covered for over three years."

John's eyes brightened as he watched my calculations.

"Eh?" he said. "And the tax doesn't change till the end of the year."

"So you won't have to think about the Budget for nearly four years. Come and look at *my* Ford 'Eight'."

* * *

We left the club together, John walking with the jaunty air of a reprieved man, and picked up my "Eight."

"Nice looking car," he grunted amiably. "Suit Madge, too, during the day . . . . Room for a couple in the back. Neat luggage compartment there behind the rear seat . . . . Plenty of leg space. Did you say it cost *less* than any other 'eight' saloon?"

"It does; and, for that matter, the 'Prefect' is the only British Ten under £150. Fords are pretty good value, all along the line. Here, *you* drive," I said, as we turned into the park. I could see he was longing to be at the wheel.

Well, to cut a long story short, I had half an hour to spare, so we drove down to John's house and picked up Madge.

"It's nice to see John smiling again," she said to me. "What *have* you done to him?"

"Don't say a word," said John. "We're going to a Ford Dealer right away . . . . And we're going to have that motoring holiday after all!"

* * *

I met them at golf a week later. They glided up to the club-house door in a new Ford "Eight."

"You're lunching with us today," said John; "it was you who showed us how to smile at the Budget."

FORD MOTOR GYMKHANA

A series of spectacular and instructive events of motoring interest. Also the finals of the "Scout" Speedster Race; this race is open to Boy Scout Troops who make their own miniature car for the Competition; Brooklands, Saturday, June 17th, at 2.30 p.m. Book the date!

Ford "Eight" Saloon £115
Saloon de Luxe £125
The "Prefect," the only British Ten under **£150**, prices from **£145**
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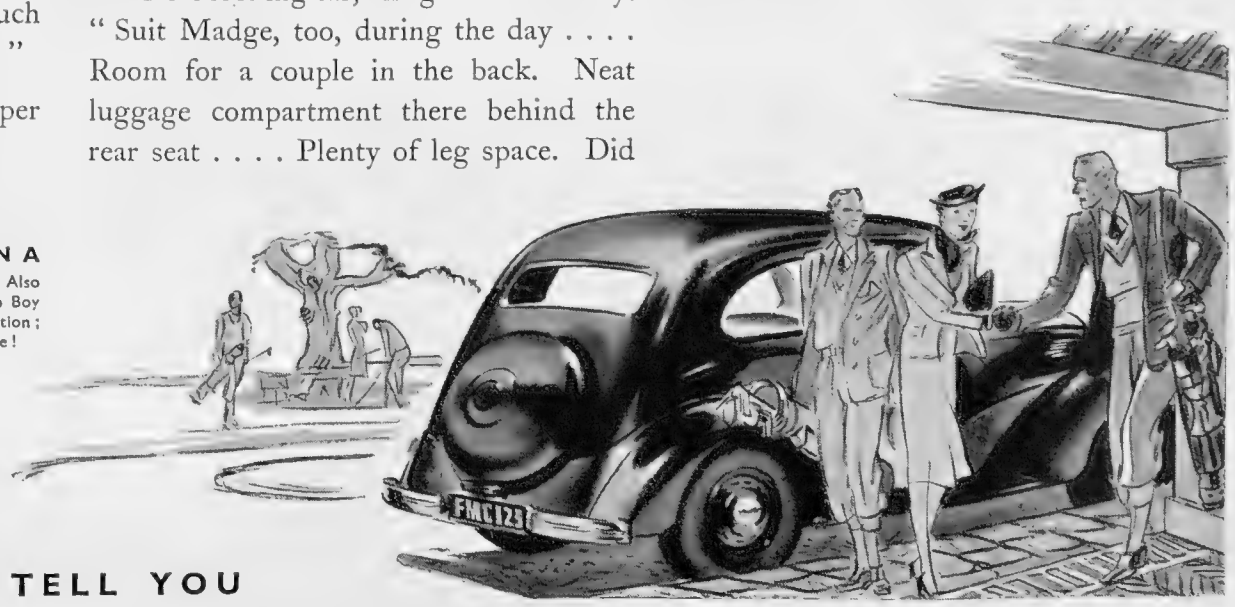

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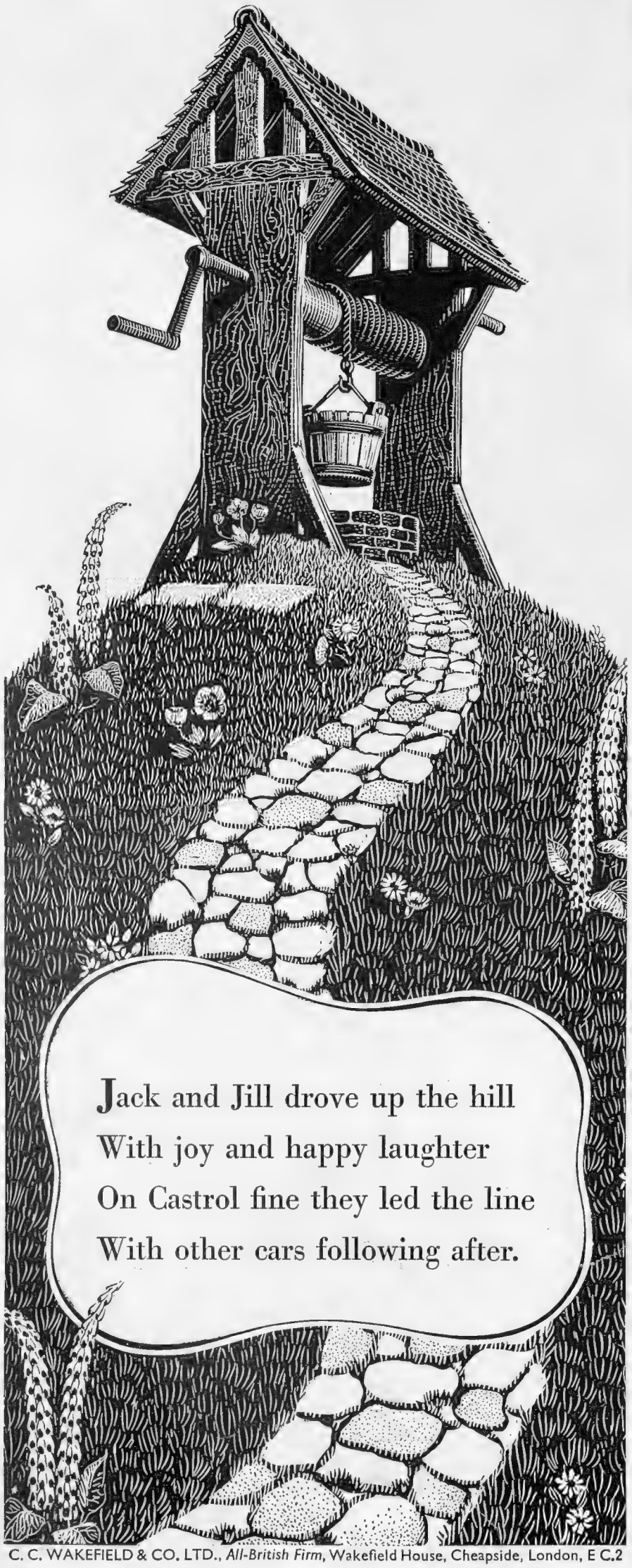

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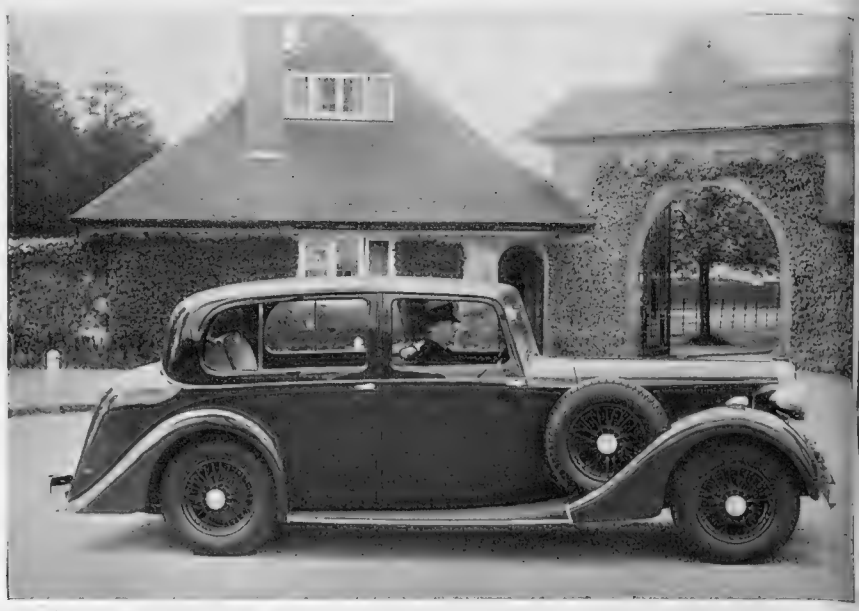


CHEAPER MOTORING—DESPITE THE TAX: A notable lowering of prices is the Daimler Company's answer to the increased h.p. tax. This new Twenty-four Windover touring limousine is one of the models on which a reduction, representing six years' budget increase of the h.p. tax, has been made. It is reduced from £1,040 to £965

THE PETROL WORLD

The New Austin Ten

An Appraisal of a Neat and Roomy Model

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ONLY a few weeks ago the Austin Motor Company introduced an entirely new 8-h.p. model and now they have followed this up with an entirely new 10-h.p. car. It must almost be a record for a leading manufacturer to introduce two entirely new cars in such a short space of time. In its appearance and general characteristics the new Ten follows very closely the new Austin Eight. The new Ten, of course, replaces the old one and is of entirely new design. The manufacturers, however, are at pains to point out that the well-known sturdy and honest qualities which made the old Ten so successful have been retained in the new design.

The power unit of the car is a 4-cylinder side-valve engine, having a cubic capacity of 1,125 cc. The cylinders and crankcase are cast in one and the crankshaft is supported in three bearings of generous dimensions. There is no attempt in the design of the engine to make it a racing unit but rather the idea has been to provide a sensible, silent, long-lasting and reliable piece of mechanism. The general design and the accessories which have to be added to every engine are quite orthodox but I notice that the automatic advance and retard to the ignition has a supplementary vacuum control to give the best timing at all speeds.

The power is transmitted from the engine through a Borg and Beck clutch with spring drive to a four-speed gear-box with synchromesh engagement for second, third and top. The suspension is carried out by long flat springs both at the front and rear. They are anchored with silent block bushes and controlled by Luvax piston-type hydraulic shock absorbers. The brakes are of full Girling design with differential operation as between front and rear to accord with the forward transfer of axle load as the brakes are applied.

The car can be obtained either as a four-door saloon, with fixed or sliding head, or as a touring four-seater. The lines of the body are new but even so there is that satisfying Austin appearance which denotes a practical roomy strong car, rather than a super-streamlined flimsy creation. Needless to say, the body is all-steel and so has immense strength. I noticed on inspecting the car that a very commodious boot is provided and the front has a very pleasing appearance, due to the fact that a die-cast chromium radiator grille is fitted. The appearance is practically identical with that of the new Eight, though, of course, the car is bigger. The windows are large and of toughened glass whilst inside I noticed that the instruments have large dials and that the dipping of the head-lamps was operated by a foot control switch.

Other items in the specification include electric clock, dual-electric windscreen wipers with remote drive, automatic return direction indicators, combined stop and tail-light and bumpers with over-riders. A particularly neat jack is supplied, and this operates from the bumper brackets, so making it quite unnecessary to grope about under the car trying to find a suitable bearing surface on which the usual jack has to operate. The price of the four-door fixed saloon is £175.

I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of driving this new model for a comparatively short distance, and I was very impressed. First of all, the body is extremely roomy for a 10-h.p. model. It is well appointed, and the seats all look comfortable. The driving position is good, and the controls are without exception conveniently located. I have driven cars which were faster, but I do not think I have ever been in one of this size which was more comfortable with the speedometer at the 60 m.p.h. mark. The acceleration is satisfying and smooth. I also noticed that the gear-box was quiet on all gears and the changes were easy to make. The steering was steady and pleasant to operate, and I noticed that it gave the car a surprisingly small turning circle.

I do not think I have seen a neater 10-h.p. engine and although the bonnet opens from the front and is hinged at the back the side pieces can be removed should any adjustments on the engine be required. The new Eight sprang immediately into popularity and the number of orders received, I am told, was almost embarrassing. The Ten I feel convinced will meet with a similar reception.

Having on many occasions written about the Guildford by-pass I think it is now time to say something about the Kingston by-pass. It really gives me great pleasure to be able quite sincerely to sing praises to someone in authority for having erected railings along the length of portions of the dividing strip between the dual carriageways. Similar railings are also being erected along the sides, thereby preventing unthinking pedestrians straying on to the road. If these railings are going to be erected throughout the entire length of the by-pass it will be a costly proceeding but there is no doubt that the expenditure will be well worth while.

About half of the by-pass now boasts of dual carriageways with super-elevated bends. The conversion took an appreciable time to carry out but for some reason the continuation of the process appears to have been stopped. This seems a pity because the whole of this road, not only part, carries an immense amount of traffic and I regret to say that its record for accidents has been appalling.

Now that the Ministry of Transport is responsible for our main thoroughfares I wonder for what speed they design their banked bends. True, any banking should make a bend easier to negotiate at any speed than if no banking at all were

(Continued on page 416)

..... and so too, your **Dunlop 'Fort' Tyres** glide smoothly over the road surface, your pleasure intensified by the added safety of their firm-holding teeth.

IN THE PETROL WORLD (*Continued from page 414*)

provided. On the other hand, the banking to be suitable for all speeds would have to possess a cross-section similar to that at Brooklands. Naturally this would be quite impossible on a public highway and so one definite amount of super-elevation has to be adopted. On the bends which have recently been reconstructed I find that with the same amount of effort on the same car on the same day I can get round one or two at 60 m.p.h. whilst the next bend only allows me to drive at 40 m.p.h. It would be interesting to know at what speed the Ministry consider a bend should be taken by the average vehicle.

We may have roads that are sometimes slippery and there has been an appreciable amount of agitation amongst writers of motoring matters for this state of affairs to be put right. My own opinion is that all roads should be made as skid proof as possible but at the same time I consider that, in spite of a lot of very bad driving, skidding very seldom takes place.

The safety which dangerous drivers enjoy is due to the amazing non-skid properties of the present-day tyre. Had drivers of the type I mention driven in pre-war days they would now be lying underneath a tombstone, because in nine cases out of ten they are the people who have not the faintest idea how to correct a skid should one take place. The pre-war tyre, too, had a much shorter life than the present-day one but I doubt if the modern motorist appreciates the service his tyres give him. Only the other day a friend of mine sold her car which she had had for two years and three months. The original tyres were still on the vehicle, giving good service, and the mileage covered was in excess of 25,000.

Weather has considerable bearing on the life of a cover and, of course, such things as hard-braking and quick acceleration will play Old Harry with the best of tyres. I notice many drivers keep their spare wheel unused which I think is a great mistake. Even in idleness rubber perishes and it is conceivable that the tyre on the spare wheel might be useless even if unused after being carried about for some years. The best plan in order to derive the maximum mileage is to change all the wheels round at definite intervals of time and in those changes each wheel should have its turn on the spare-wheel bracket.

I have just received particulars of the annual Ramsgate Concours d'Elegance. This event has been held for many years and has always been carried out most efficiently. There are no other concours of this description held in this country, yet it is a very pleasant type of event, and as Ramsgate always goes out of its way to make visitors happy and contented, this event should appeal to a great number of motorists, particularly those who take a pride in their car.

In all there are 27 different classes so that every type of car is catered for. The division adopted for private vehicles is based on the price factor and I am pleased to notice that the entry fee which starts at 7s. 6d. for cars costing up to £200 is graded upwards to 21s. for vehicles costing over £1,000. Entries close on Monday, 3rd July, and full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Concours d'Elegance, Chamber of Commerce Office, Harbour Parade, Ramsgate.

Few people can have seen a football match between teams seated in cars, but an opportunity to do so will be provided on June 17, when the Ford gymkhana is being held at Brooklands. The opposing teams will be at the wheels of "Prefect" touring cars, and the ball, about 4 ft. in diameter, will be "kicked" with the front bumpers. This will be only one item of a varied and entertaining programme which will also include a concours, competitions for private owners, and the finals of the Boy Scouts "Speedster" races. Sir Malcolm Campbell and Capt. G. E. T. Eyston have promised to be present and Mr. Thomas Woodrooffe, of B.B.C. fame, will be at the microphone. Altogether, an excellent afternoon and evening of motoring fun and thrills should be provided, with the extra attraction that there will be no charge for admission to the track on this day, all visitors being guests of the Ford Motor Company Ltd. Invitation tickets are obtainable from Ford dealers all over the country.

CANALS TO THE RESCUE (*Continued from page 412*)

We soon learned one rule of the canal—not to overtake a slower barge within a quarter of a mile of a lock and "pinch his water," that is "cut in" on his lock. A wild, red-haired Irishman suffered from us in this way. When he later caught up with us as we stopped for a drink—the canal-side hostelries seemed to me to serve better beer and be twice as friendly as those on the road—he was quite polite. He warned us it was "not done." And when you realise the number of locks and the delays it may cause, I still wonder at his forbearance.

For instance, on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, 58 locks in 16 miles and 32 in one flight at Tardebigge; 74 in 20 miles between Ashton and Huddersfield; and 92 in 30 miles between Manchester and Sowerby Bridge. You may be doubling his work most of the journey if nothing is coming the other way—well, it would make anybody swear, except, apparently, a bargee, for I have it on the best authority that a bargee is no natural swearer and in a fortnight I only heard real bad language once, when a bargee's mate misjudged the entry to a lock and bumped rather badly. And that was about the same as one motorist to another on the Brighton road on a Sunday.

Near Huddersfield there are 42 locks in 7 miles which take barges up 438 ft. 10 ins., and another 32 locks which lower them 338 ft. 1½ ins.—all of which shows how accurately every measurement is made. But locks are not a popular subject, because they sound slow. Let us pass them by with just a glance at some of the attractive names, such as Salterhebble Low, Ganny, Cromwell, Elland Woodside, Long Lees—the situation may not be as romantic as the name.

What is romantic, and also extremely useful to know, is the fact that you can send heavy loads by water not only direct to the Continent but to America. Recently a cargo of tomatoes was sent entirely by water from Leamington, in Ontario, to Leamington, Warwickshire. You can get a quotation in Birmingham for a load to Basle, or from Coventry to Chicago.

The Regent's Park Docks, at Limehouse, berth the steamers, into which goods are loaded direct as they come from the canal. And at Birmingham goods can float straight into a £300,000 warehouse, just completed, and be put straight on to a lorry.

It is the same all over England, for the canal system is like a huge St. Andrew's cross with London, Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol as the ends. I find that coal, granite, clay, iron, tin, copper, lead, foodstuffs, and large clumsy pieces of machinery form the bulk of the loads.

As for the men who work the barges, as I have said there is a shortage. It is skilled work to steer these barges which, working in pairs, probably carry between 50 and 60 tons, and cost for the popular "monkey boat" of 75 ft. between £1,500 and £2,000.

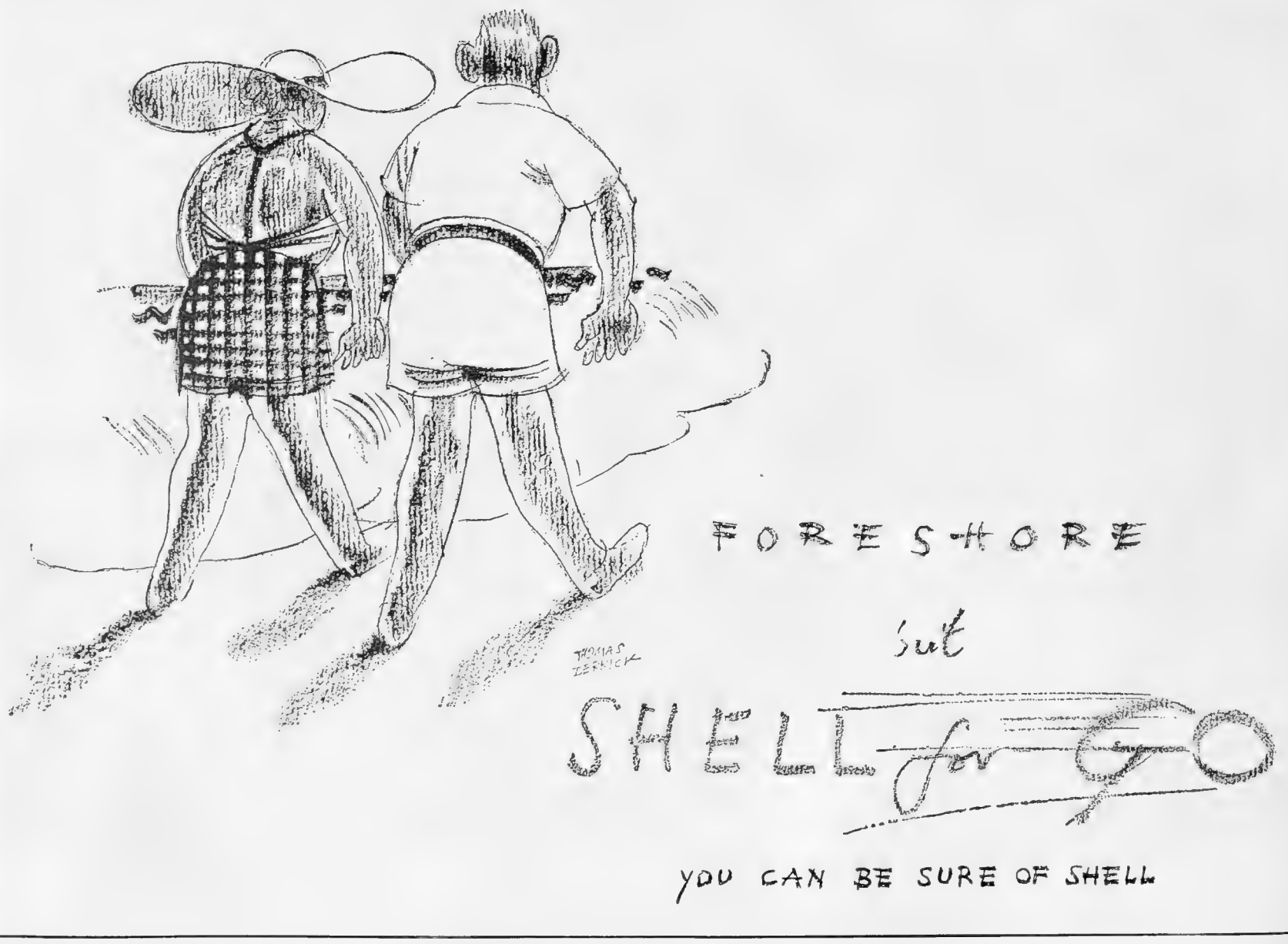
The descendants of the wandering bargees, or as A. P. Herbert would call them, the water-gypsies (though they have no gypsy blood in them), have taken to engined barges just as easily as many of the old cabmen took to taxi-cabs.

The movements of all the barges are known. On a huge wall map I saw some 5,000 pins, on many of which were numbers, each indicating where a certain barge should be on that day. Telephone calls report the progress of the barges as they pass certain check points.

I could imagine men not coming forward if conditions in the tunnels on canals were the same as they used to be. Even after the war, in the pitch darkness men had to lie on their backs, sometimes on planks jutting out from the side of the barge, and "leg" the barge through; that is, by pushing with their legs against the sides of the tunnel, slowly propel it along. It was terribly hard work through a tunnel, say, like Braunston, 1¼ miles long. It might take 3 hours. There are many on our waterways who remember those days. But nowadays the canal systems are so prepared for the prosperous future, and so mechanised, that it is 2 years since the last horse-drawn tug arrived at Braunston tunnel and asked for a tow.

And finally, take my advice and go for a cruise along the inland water-ways of England.

Noel Thompson



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Drawn by Percy Home

BEAUTY IN THE GOLDEN WEST: A rocky bay on the Devon coast which has such an unfailing lure for the holidaymaker in search of quietude

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

DEVON'S GLORIOUS COAST LINE

A County of Rare Charm Which Finds Its Most Perfect Expression in June—Ilfracombe and Its Three Hills—Clovelly, the No Horse Village

WE are not going very far this time. It is well now and then to reflect on some features of the vast contribution the homeland makes to the world of travel, and Whit week is an appropriate occasion, for in the past few days most people have managed to get to the sea or the country. Moreover, visitors from overseas are arriving, most of them Australians, New Zealanders or South Africans. We would like to see more Americans but they have some good reasons for staying at home—the Exhibitions and Wall Street—and also a very bad one, a fear that Europe will burst into flames at any moment.

I have talked with many of these people from overseas, and they all seem to regard a visit to the west country as an essential part of the programme. "Devonshire in June" is the great tradition they want to put to the test. I am sure it never fails. It so happened that in very tender years I acquired quite an intimate knowledge of the North Devon coast from the wooded slope just beyond Porlock of hill fame where it joins Somerset to Hartland Point—the "Pillars of Hercules"—on the far side of Barnstaple Bay. When Haldane was talking about spiritual homes my boyhood fancy was for Ilfracombe. The affection has stood the test of years, and the challenge of many places. The Ilfracombe of that idea was a lot more than a beach, a promenade, and a band; it took in miles around, from leafy lanes with banks of primroses, violets in the dell, to bracken-covered slopes, shingled coves, and at Woolacombe as true a stretch of sand as you could wish.

The unfailing charm of Ilfracombe itself is the absence of formality. My prejudice against the resort with a string of pretentious establishments separated from the beach by a speed track was born at Ilfracombe where the promenade runs round a bluff outpost, Capstone Hill—a breezy spot, if you like, at times, and what a place for the sea to lash. They say you can feel the spray at the old coastguard station on the top of the hill. Well, that is 150 ft. or so, not much as the hills go around these parts—and there are plenty of them. Hillsborough, which overlooks the snug harbour, is well over 400 ft., dwarfing the chapel-crowned mound of Lantern Hill, in whose rocky lap the pier, of most unusual shape, finds protection from the direct sweep of the Atlantic. Around this part of the town there are picturesque relics of the old days though not back quite as far as the time when Ilfracombe sent ships to the siege of Calais. Even on the higher ground on which the more modern town stands there is a curious labyrinth of passages behind the main street.

To the three hills I have already mentioned we must add the Tors and Cairn Top high above the railway station and the fine old parish church. In such a setting Ilfracombe never could be formal. Since I have known it there has been surprisingly little fundamental change. The old coaches which accomplished amazing journeys through rough and narrow lanes with forbidding steeps are no more and the posting horns are silent. I am sorry: they were picturesque though ear-splitting. The honk of the motor has won again.

Much more attention is now paid to floral decoration. The open space on the land side of Capstone, where I remember the sea once broke through, and uniting with the harbour made a temporary island of part of the town, was once a very uncared-for playground. Now it is neatly laid out for games under the best conditions. It helps to set off the Victoria Pavilion where I heard many celebrities of the day. I liked it better when it was a minor Crystal Palace, but I have no doubt there were very good reasons for incorporating the middle portion in a modern theatre or concert hall.

They do not boast sandy beaches within the strict limits of Ilfracombe, but there are shingle coves with crystal clear water and, approached through tunnels in the cliffs, are artificial pools which seem part of the natural surroundings.

WOOLACOMBE'S VAST EXPANSE OF SANDS: A fine stretch of Devon beach

You must not come away from Ilfracombe without exploring the coast line in both directions and seeing something of the beauties that lie behind it. On one side the valley of the Lyn and on the other, but much farther away, Clovelly, one street and no horse village—they use donkeys — are outstanding gems, but sprinkled around are such places as the wild Valley of Rocks, Hunter's Inn, Westward Ho, Croyde and Saunton, cosy little Lee, Watermouth, Combe Martin, long, quaint and white, and scene of Marie Corelli's *The Mighty Atom*, and very woody Woody Bay, which lost its pier one stormy night, and some of us shed no tears.

As from the top of Capstone you see the sun go down, the flashing lights locate distant Hartland, the romantic island of Lundy and the coast of Pembroke and Glamorgan on the other side of the water. Near at hand comes a sweeping beam from a stubby headland well named Bull Point. You cannot see it from the shore, but all night a red beam indicates the position of the Morte Stone—a name that speaks for itself. It lies off Morte Point, now National Trust property. The next point along the coast has just joined that glorious company of national possessions. Its name is not so sinister—Baggy Point—but they mark the limits of Morte Bay; between them are the wonderful sands and dunes of Woolacombe, a picture of which is reproduced on this page. Barnstaple, Bideford, Appledore, and Instow are all places with great interest for the traveller, and even then the possibilities of North Devon are not by any means exhausted.

After all, Devonshire is one of our biggest counties, third in the list, in fact, and this northern coast line is not nearly as long as that of the south. The two differ very much but both are very beautiful. It is, however, a mistake to assume that in winter the north is impossible. Ilfracombe can produce some surprising statistics on the subject, and I have often wondered, from my own knowledge of the place, why it does not make greater efforts to develop a winter season. The south already enjoys a big reputation in that direction, and assuredly the north could follow suit. The Medical Officer of Health at Ilfracombe says that the town has a winter climate unequalled in the United Kingdom. He should know.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

On right—

LOOKING TOWARDS THE OLD TOWN AND HARBOUR AT ILFRACOMBE: A view showing Wildersmouth Beach with Capstone Hill on the left and in the distance the Victoria Pavilion and its lawns

Photo: Aschwanden

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AN ENGLISH FAMILY IN THE DAYS OF THE CRIMEA

Entertaining Anecdotes of the Stanleys of Alderley Emerge from their Correspondence Between 1851 and 1865

MISS NANCY MITFORD continues her inspired editing of the letters of the Stanley family with **THE STANLEYS OF ALDERLEY** (Chapman and Hall. 18s.), a volume which takes their correspondence from 1851 to 1865. As before, the bulk of the letters are between Lady Stanley and her mother-in-law, Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, and are on the subjects of children, husbands, forthcoming marriages and other distractions.

Some of the letters represent the constant and rather unhappy communication between Lord Stanley and his wife; hers complaining of his lack of generosity, interest or even faithfulness, and his retorting with the latest news from the Board of Trade and the House of Commons. In such a way she would write to him: "If you knew how I think of you you wld. tell me a word of your health, & one or two little tender words, too, wd. make me very happy." A pathetic plea to which he countered, a day later, with "Parliament was prorogued yesterday to the great joy of all concerned. . . . The Albert Ways were at Holmwood, their child is an uncomfortable looking concern . . ."

In this further volume the Stanley children are growing up and causing their parents, or at least their mother, more anxiety than ever. Their father confines himself to a few curt words of advice from a distance—he spent, it seems, only a few weeks of each year with his family—and is of no great help beyond defining the money situation from time to time.

Pretty Blanche, after an incredible amount of fussing and scenes and temperament, married the Earl of Airlie, though, as Jane Carlyle wrote: "Poor Blanche doesn't seem to know, amidst the excitement and rapture of the trousseau whether she loves *the man* or not;—she *hopes* well enough for practical purposes."

Johnny, who had always been the naughty one of the family, was sent off to the Crimea when barely seventeen and in very frail health, and distinguished himself by complaining bitterly of the discomforts of Miss Nightingale's hospital at Scutari. He is also the author of one or two enchanting letters, notably this one, written on his way to the Crimea:

"The captain says he will not stop at Gibraltar. I am in a great rage. I have been towing a bottle of champagne overboard to cool it for dinner for the last half hour, I must go and see if it is all right. Please send me those draws I mentioned before, there are 3 clean pairs in the cupboard."

The Dowager Lady Stanley still, at the age of eighty or more, writes with an acutely-pointed pen and her own inimitable judgment. Her interest in every detail of her daughter-in-law's domestic arrangements continues, and is reciprocated, as one can see from the letter on page 271, with at least as much enthusiasm.

For the picture of political and country house life that this collection of letters gives it is quite invaluable, but one's delight is not so much in that as in the gossiping intimacies and the profound and altogether human revelations of character. It is fortunate for us present-day readers that Lady Stanley's petulant wish in 1855 was not realised in her lifetime. "I wish," she wrote to her daughter-in-law, "one could talk through an *electric tube*, writing is such a fatigue in hot weather."

MR. GEORGE VAIZEY, author of *Into the Air*, signing a copy of his new novel at a bookstall at St. Pancras Station before leaving for Scotland. Mr. Vaizey is an underwriting member of Lloyd's and a son of the late Mrs. de Horne Vaizey, the Edwardian novelist. The author's first novel, *Guile Wears a Coronet*, was a best-seller

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By Vernon Fane

Islands have an irresistible fascination for the novelist. This is easy enough to understand if only on a technical count, for, with the scene of action circumscribed and even the number of principal characters necessarily limited, the writer has a compact frame for his drama or comedy, and he knows, too, that these very limits that the island theme sets only help to heighten every effect that he wants to convey.

Sometimes, and notably in the last few years, a big hotel or a ship, a cruising liner or an office has been chosen as the microcosm of life, but it is only the island idea again in a more compressed form, and another way of exploiting the same possibilities of what may happen to any group of people, arbitrarily flung together and having perforce to work out some scheme of communal life.

All of which leads me to Mr. Robb White's novel, **RUN MASKED** (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) in which the scene is Caribia, a fictitious island in the West Indies, which the white people dominate in influence if not in numbers, and the coloured population live in a state of latent resentment. For one carnival week in the year they "run masked," the normal business of the town is dislocated, and an odd, excited, dangerous spirit communicates itself to everyone on the island, even to the passengers from a visiting liner.

The excitement grows to a frenzy and the frenzy to an armed riot, with the houses of the most important members of the white colony as objectives. After a night of burning and looting and killing, peace returns, but it is an exhausted, dazed kind of peace, and the natives, the English, the Americans, and the indefinable remainder of the island dwellers set about their lives again with a new sense of insecurity and tension.

Mr. White writes, and evidently feels strongly about the problems of the West Indian communities, and since he has an original mind and a great deal of insight his novel is just that much better than a romance of the inevitably romantic Caribbean.

AND BE A VILLAIN (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) deals with at least five of the stages between death and dishonour with a sense of the horrific and that sense of the comic that one unconsciously looks for, and more consciously misses, in most murder stories. It should be possible, in the most chilling of detective stories, to raise a laugh from time to time; it even helps the tension of the story if it is done effectively, but very few detective-story writers either attempt or achieve it.

Mr. Laurence W. Meynell is more fortunate. He manages to combine a particularly nasty murder with a good secondary plot of a pretty though intelligent girl smuggling silk stockings as a business, and falling in love with one of the new kind of policemen in her free time.

Mystery is the only element lacking in a story of the kind which usually demands it, but apart from that *And be a Villain* is an entertaining book, if by that one means something that takes one 100 miles from one's own experience.

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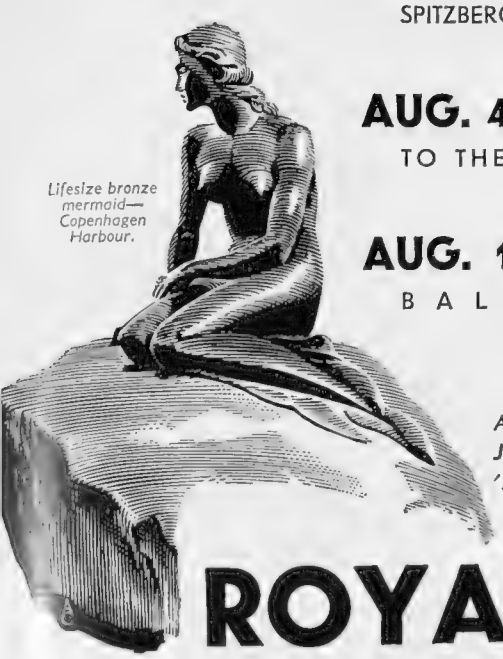

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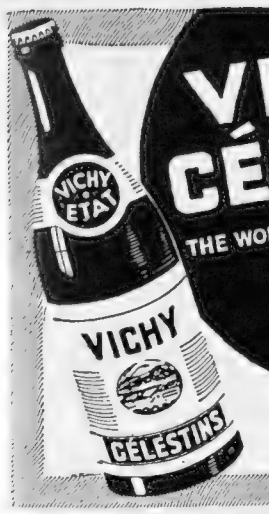

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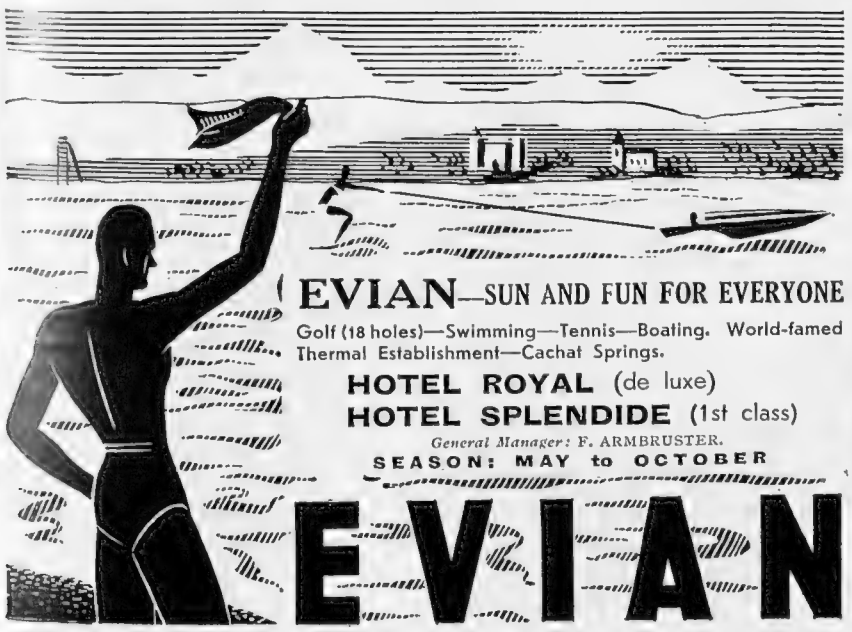

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PICTURE to yourself a rocky island a few hundred yards off one of the most picturesque corners of the South Devon coast. There are few signs of human habitation on it, though you will notice in one corner a little cluster of buildings, set in terraces from the top of the island down to the water's edge. Outside the largest of the buildings stands a tall, almost patriarchal figure. He faces across the sea with his arms raised above his head. He is dressed from top to toe in white. But it is not some strange religious practice you are watching. If you are observant, you will very soon see a small rowing boat some distance out from the island with two men aboard. It is to them the solitary figure in white is signalling and he is nothing more sinister than the chef of Burgh Island Hotel, instructing the hotel fishermen as to how many lobsters he wants hauled out of the sea for lunch.

Perhaps, to be serious again, you may not see all this if you stay at Burgh Island, but it is an illustration of the hotel's situation and how well it is exploited for culinary purposes. The fruits of the earth, too—as opposed to those of the sea—are not neglected, for tucked away in discreet corners of the island are kitchen gardens, pig-sties and other homely country sights which hold promise of gastronomic joy.

There is more to do in Burgh Island than eating and sleeping—though such is the excellence of the food and the comfort of the beds that you would be forgiven if you wished for nothing else. But to make a list of all the possible ways in which you could entertain yourself would take a whole page.

There is golf—a putting course on the island itself and full-size course kept in first-class condition just opposite on the mainland, sea-fishing, bathing in a choice of half a dozen crystal-clear cliff-bound pools, lawn tennis, rock climbing for the beginner and the expert, boating, walks and sheltered nooks on every side of the island for sun-bathing. In the hotel are billiards, table tennis, and a full-size regulation skittle alley. All this, together with dancing in a beautiful ballroom and a host of lesser things which I must leave to your imagination, are waiting for your enjoyment and included in the terms.

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By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Island: North and South Ireland Hotels and Moderate Prices

month to visit it. But whenever you go and however long you stay, I'll guarantee it gives you an unforgettable holiday.

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Since this week we are covering long distances in imagination, let me conclude with a word about Ireland, a land which each year is coming more and more into its own as a holiday country for English people. For myself, I must confess that I do not know Ireland as yet half as well as I should. This is a deficiency which will be remedied very shortly; but I do know it enough to realise that English people are wrong in thinking that Ireland is no different from the place portrayed in Sean O'Casey's plays, which make it out to be something like the Russia of Tchekov.

In truth, the Irish people are talkers, and you will find many amusing characters in an Irish holiday, but they are also—and this is the point to remember—some of the most generous and hospitable and likeable people in the world.

Whether your choice is the east coast, County Wicklow or County Louth, or Dublin itself, or even Belfast (for I refuse in writing of holidays to subscribe to political cleavages between the North and the South), or whether you prefer the wilder scenery of Donegal and the west coast, I know you will find comfortable, if sometimes simple, hotels, moderate prices, and inhabitants who will do their utmost to make your holiday a success.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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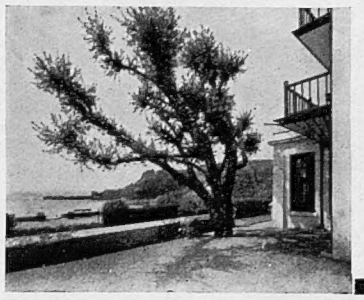

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(Continued on next page)

IN PRAISE OF THE FRENCH ARMY

(*Continued from page* 397)

Alpins, of the celebrated quick-step march, bugles blowing. Again, units indefinitely holding the Maginot Line have been "hand-made" to suit each specific sector, and are brought up to strength at shortest notice with reservists drawn from neighbouring districts. These units have lately been given names such as Royal Lorraine, Regiment of the Meuse, of the Low-Rhine.

Out of twenty-five peace-time infantry divisions (at present considerably supplemented) fourteen have so far been completely motorised: their artillery all tractor-drawn, battalions provided with small armoured carriers for mortars, machine-guns, and ammunition. Man-power travels by lorry convoy. The proportion of professional soldiers is highest with these mechanised units, and has been steadily increased through the whole army so that of the total normally with the colours every fourth man is *de carrière*. Motorised units are trained to cover as much as 120 miles in a day, but this aspect requires strict calculation in view of the enormous amount of fuel used, and France's almost entire dependence on overseas for its supply. In fact, the horse is making something of a reappearance as the war shadows deepen. At least, one doesn't have to feed him from far-off pipelines.

A few words on the training of the French conscript may not fall amiss. No time is lost on ceremonial stuff. A few preliminary weeks are set aside for "the Soldier's School" where raw ones are taught to wear their uniforms, use their accoutrements, march, salute. The young men are then packed off anywhere, everywhere, it may be Tunis, it may be Hazebrouck, for field training and musketry instruction—this last gradually becoming a matter of the light machine-gun, and later of the light mortar, light anti-tank, and general utility guns. Infantrymen have nine months "intensive" at this, at the same time continuing with field exercises and the pursuit of physical fitness.

At the end of one year, a conscript is considered a trained man and his second year takes him on to brigade and divisional manœuvres, when as likely as not he will be stationed in reserve or along the frontier. He is already doing his active bit.

M. Daladier allotted some £112,000,000, in 1936, for re-equipment. This has now borne full fruit. The light and heavy machine-guns are believed to be without superiors and, with the Brandt light and medium mortars, contribute to an intensity of fire of no known parallel in speed and accuracy.

The lightly equipped battalions would form the spear-head of attack, closely followed by the heavy units which would consolidate and resist counter-attack. These heavy regiments are terrific. Each company has twelve light and eight heavy machine-guns. Three such companies are included in each battalion whose fourth company is armed with twelve medium mortars and eight anti-tank guns. Shades of Neuve Chapelle, where a British battalion had three or four machine-guns if it was lucky!

This "sixth" French army has not mislaid the pronounced advantage it gained by not having to submit to disarmament in the decade after the Armistice: when most other armies were soft-pedalling, France's army was not. If Poincaré's refusal to contemplate the disarmament clauses of the Treaty conspicuously propelled Nazism, at least there is the relative consolation now that France's army is the sounder in leadership and training, in equipment, in temper and in limb, for its not having been dispersed and reduced to a militia status in the 1920's.

CONTINUATIONS

FRANCE COULD BY-PASS GIBRALTAR

(*Continued from page* 398)

Marseilles; from whence these ships can be launched in and across the Mediterranean Sea.

Many are apt to forget that French colonial possessions cover a larger area than France itself, and whilst the Maginot Line, and other land and air defences of which no mention is made, may be sufficient to protect at least the north of France, greater measures of defence and protection are needed in the south and, beyond that, in overseas possessions. The importance of aerial and naval development in the extreme south is overlooked, as is the fact that Marseilles and area, hitherto merely considered in the light of commerce, has now become a point of enormous strategic importance, as well as a port entirely outstripping, from every point of view, Bordeaux, Brest or Le Havre, and even Toulon.

Georges Clarrière

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

(*Continued from page* 411)

the intervals afforded. Against a back-cloth of typical Montmartre houses on a steep street crowned by the white Sacré Cœur, there was that apartment house, with one side taken away so that we could see a couple of rooms, a corridor between, and a bit of the staircase. That enabled us to see also the women listening at key-holes, which seemed to be an important part of the play.

Also, when a scene on which our attention was supposed to be concentrated was taking part in one of the rooms, the composer-hero was left alone in the other, drew the window curtains, threw himself on the couch and had a nice snooze. I envied him that couch.

Except for a few cases of semi-audibility, due, no doubt, to breathlessness after having walked up six flights of stairs to that sixth floor—an unnecessary form of stage realism—the acting was, like those rooms, on an extremely high level. Excellent as well as audible were Miss Celia Johnson (cripple), Mr. Ralph Roberts (her father), Miss Barbara Gott (landlady), Mr. Harold Scott (artist), and Miss Joyce Barbour (artist's wife). Best of all was the general atmosphere. One could almost smell Paris in looking at that scene. It suggested *La Bohème* and *Louise*, selections from which were played during the intervals so that there should be no mistake about it. Indeed, *Sixth Floor* is rather like *Louise* without the music—except that *Louise*, even without the music, would be a better entertainment.

"Aïda."—Which brings me to opera itself, and the first performance this season of *Aïda*. *Aïda*, being "middle Verdi," is not so trivial as *Il Trovatore*, and not nearly such a fine work as the superb *Falstaff*, which the master wrote when he was eighty. I would put it down as a middling work in another sense; but here I am in a very small minority, for most opera-goers love it and talk of its broad spacious tunes. Well, possibly they are that, though some of them are on the banal side and there is a touch of vulgarity about the whole work. But it is vigorous and not unattractive vulgarity and the opera has lived and is popular and will remain so and good luck to it, and that is that.

Sir Thomas Beecham secured a good performance on which he is to be congratulated. Congratulations are also due to him for piloting the whole of this difficult season so successfully. The immense elaboration of *Aïda*, its crowds, ballets and so forth mean expense to match.

Signor Gigli was not quite in his best voice as Radames. But Madame Caniglia and Madame Stignani sang exquisitely.

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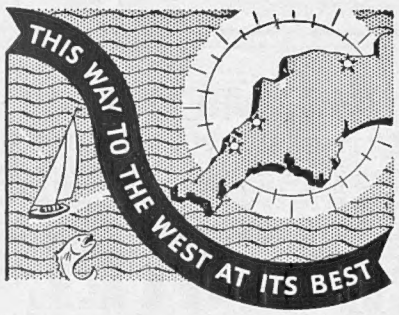
THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from previous page.



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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B, fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new Hotel Excelsior, near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno., h. & c. Spring and Summer from 8/6 incl. Under the proprs. supervision. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

POLAND.

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).**—Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr.13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl. ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod. terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Hotel St. Gotthard-Terminus.—Fam. htl., mdn. cmfts. Beaut. view. Ex. food. Lge. grdn. Gar. Mod. terms.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria.—Baumgarten.—Central position, large park. Golf. Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Wellltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Crassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Tel. 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

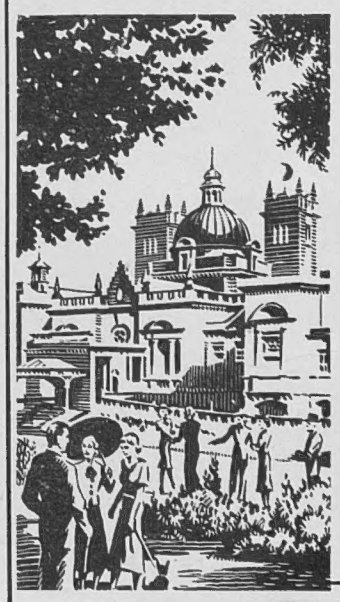
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.



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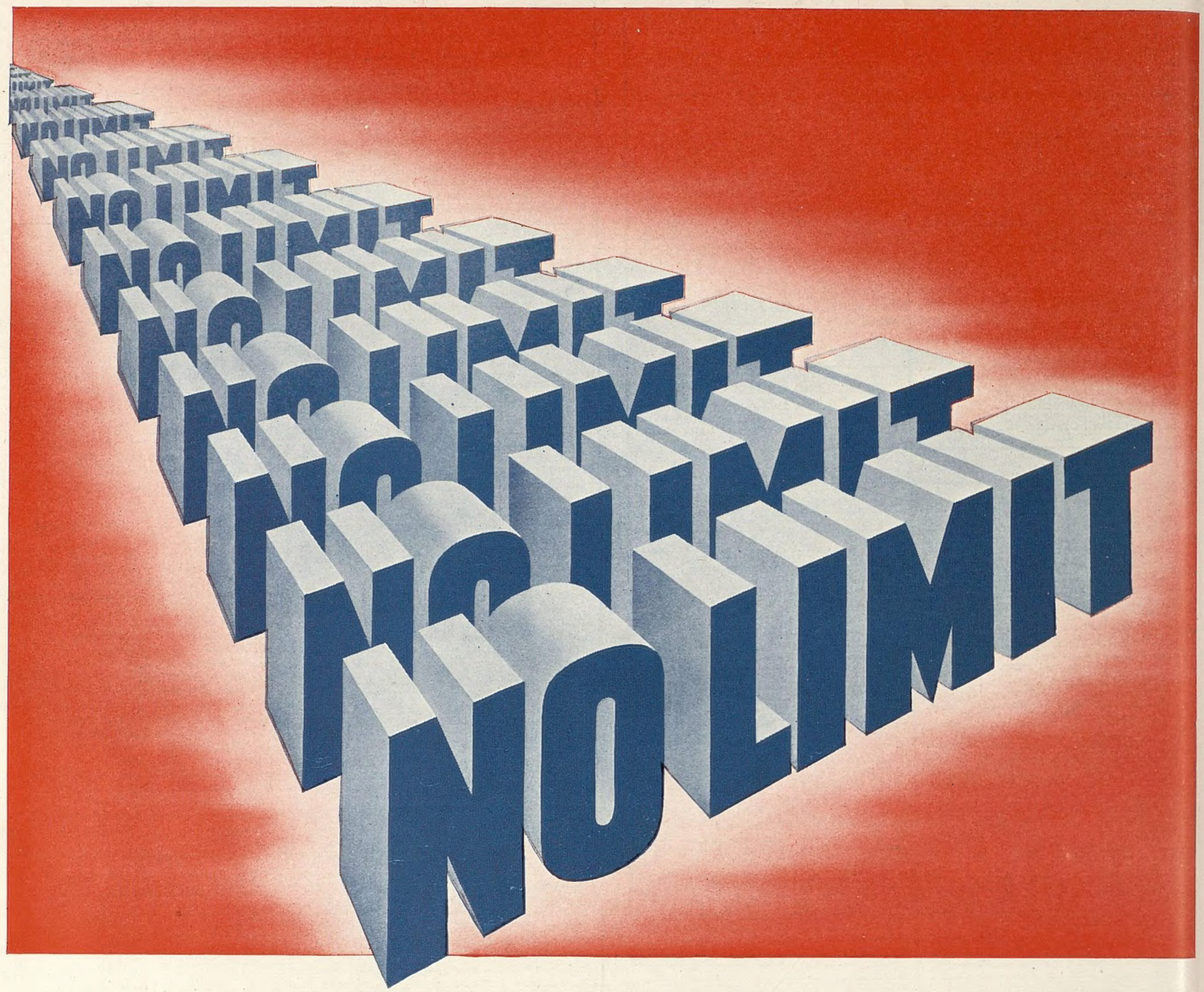

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